CIRCULATION LAST WEEK 166,000

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# TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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## Poetry.

### HER SAD FATE.

The wife of a Poet, biographies show it,
Has happiness rich and rare;
In rapturous revel he deigns to dishevel
Her carefully done back hair.
He calls her to listen, with glances that glisten,
To songs of his sensitive soul,
While she is discerning by odors of burning
That cook, with her fancies of pomy romances,
Is finding a heaven with X 37, and dinner is done to a coal!

Oh! there's nothing that's weary or hard
In the life of the wife of a bard;
No maiden would choose to reject or refuse
The offer to marry a son of the Muse!

Her duties should bring her to cherish
Her singer with readiness prompt and gay,
When nature beseeches for pines or for peaches, clear turtle or Crown Tokay!
For him in a holder of jewels must smolder cigars of a flavor unique,
And as for the payment for food and for raiment, if creditors claim it she never must name it, for if he should know it the sensitive poet would warble no more for a week!

For a singer's flower in the sun,
And he shuts at the sight of a dun;
The creditor storms and the creditor sues—
There's not any money in sons of the Muse!

A poet in passion must follow the fashion
By choosing a love for life,
Some Beatrice, or a Petrarchian Laura,
Or somebody not his wife.
It's strictly de regle for her to inveigle the bard into tropical rhyme;
The wife, if neglected, must not be dejected or deeply affected, but try to be happy on prose that is scrappy and frequently snappy, and leave to her betters, the "onlie begetters," the sonnets and letters whose raptures and rages and subsequent ages will read in his pages, and weepingly wonder why destiny's blunder had torn him asunder from somebody fitted with him to be knitted if law had permitted and he could have flitted and quietly quitted the woman half-witted and not to be pitied who fettered his fancy sublime!

For the wife who would check or control
Such beautiful union of soul
Deserves to be slated in all the reviews
For marring the life of a son of the Muse!

—Adrian Roos in Literature.

### OLD-FASHIONED HOLLYHOCK.

Good old-fashioned flower that seems
Linking us to bygone dreams,
Calling back the days long gone
When our lives were in their dawn.
Other floral gems may bear
Softer tints of beauty rare,
But there's none seems to talk
To us like the hollyhock.

Seems to lead once again
To a farmhouse, old and plain,
Mid away among the trees,
And we hear the honey bees
Singing at their work, as they
Sip the hidden sweets away
From the flowers that line the walk
Shadowed by the hollyhock.

Once again we see a face
Touched with sweet maternal grace
Bending o'er the flowers she
Watched and cared for lovingly.
See a mother old and gray
Moving 'round in quiet way,
White her venerable locks
As the whitest hollyhocks.

And we see another there
At a neighbor farmhouse, fair
As the sweetest flower that grew,
'Neath her watchful eye of blue.
See her flitting to and fro
In her gown of calico,
Rosy cheeks that seem to mock
E'en the crimson hollyhock.

In the harvest time when we
Gathered for the annual spree
Cradling down the ripened grain
Rolling like a bollowy main,
I could see the winsome Kate
Watching us across the gate,
As we piled the golden shocks
Just outside the hollyhocks.

There amid the flowers we met
Last one summer evening, she
Blushing as the rose to hear
What I whispered in her ear.
There I crowned her as my queen
'Neath the moonlight's silvery sheen
Placed upon her sunny locks
Just a wreath of hollyhocks.

—Denver Post.

## Miscellany.

### FRESH FROM THE FARM.

An elderly Illinoisian who owns a farm in the interior of the state has built up quite a Chicago trade in "choice dairy butter fresh from the farm."

His customers are among the most fastidious people and it is his custom to take a daily trip to the city and deliver the butter himself in order that they may be sure of the "fresh from the farm" proposition.

The other morning a man who is not one of this farmer's customers, but who knows him by sight, rode into the city on the same railroad train with him, walked down as far as South Water street behind him and noticed that he carried no package and did not have anything in the baggage car.

WITH A JAR.

He was a little surprised, but thought no more about the matter until an hour or two later while seated in the office of an acquaintance the farmer entered with a jar under his arm and proceeded to hand out to this man his allowance of butter "fresh from the farm."

Now he firmly believes that this farmer is also a peddler who gets his butter from Chicago commission men.—Chicago News.

### When Children Smoked Pipes.

Every one has read that Hawkins introduced tobacco into England, and that King James inveighed against it, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. Elizabeth liked to sit on a low stool and watch Sir Walter Raleigh puffing away. Once she bet him that he could not tell the weight of the smoke in his pipe, but the philosopher won. In Anne's reign almost every one smoked. In Charles II's reign "children were sent to school with their pipes in their satchels, and the schoolmaster called a halt in their studies while they smoked."

In 1702 Jorevin spent an evening with his brother at Garraway's coffee house, Leeds, and writes: "I was surprised to see his sickly child of three years old fill its pipe of tobacco and smoke it as audaciously as a man of three score; after that a second and third pipe without the least concern, as it is said to have done above a year ago."

There were about 470 coffee houses in London, besides five chocolate houses, in Anne's time. Smoking was general in them, and intoxicants could be also obtained, as well as coffee. Bishop Trelawney was much hurt because Bishop Burnett had accused him of getting drunk in one of them on the 30th of January—a day of grief to tories and all good churchmen.

## NEW YORK'S MEDAL FOR DEWEY.

Above is a representation of the magnificent medal for Admiral Dewey, presented by the city of New York. The cannon above the medal is of rose gold, and is entwined with laurel wreaths of green enamel. The chains and shield are of rose gold. The inscription on the shield, "Manila, May 1, 1898," is in blue enamel. Surrounding this is a border of rubies, sapphires and diamonds. The "D" suspended from the shield is of diamonds. Behind there is a red, white and blue ribbon.

The medal proper is of bright yellow gold, bearing a bust portrait of Admiral Dewey, surrounded by a laurel wreath. The inscription is "Reception of Admiral Dewey by the City of New York, 1899." Encircling the medal proper is a chain of bright yellow gold, each link of which contains a gem. There are sixteen gems in the chain. They are diamonds, sapphires and rubies.

## KIPLING ON KRUGER.

London, Sept. 29.—The Times applies to President Kruger and the crisis in South Africa a spirited poem by Rudyard Kipling, published in its columns to-day.

Mr. Kipling, describing an old despotic king as

"Sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled—
Laying on a new land evil of the old,"

concludes the poem as follows:

(Copyright, 1899, by Rudyard Kipling.)

All we have of freedom—all we use or know—
This our fathers bought for use, long and long ago.
Ancient right unnoticed as the breath we draw—
Leave to die by no man's leave underneath the law.

So they bought us freedom—not at little cost—
Wherefore must be watch the king, lest our game be lost.
Over all things certain, this is sure, indeed:
Suffer not the old king, for we know the breed!

Howso great their clamor, whatsoe'er their claim,
Suffer not the old king under any name!
Here is naught unproven—here is naught to learn,
It is written what shall fall if the king return.

Cruel in the shadow, crafty in the sun,
Far beyond his borders shall his teaching run.
Sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled—
Laying on a new land evil of the old.

Here is naught unproven, here is nothing hid;
Step for step and word for word—so the old kings did.
Step by step and word by word, who is ruled may read.
Suffer not the old kings, for we know the breed!

All the right they promise, all the wrong they bring—
Stewards of the Judgment, suffer not this king!

Over all things certain, this is sure, indeed:
Suffer not the old king, for we know the breed!

## SNIPE-HUNTING.

The good old game of "snipe-hunting," long a pet joke played by the Western cowboy upon the English tourist, is not wholly a lost art, even in so staid and civilized a borough as Chicago. Hence the howls of laughter which could be heard around the Graceland avenue car barns of the North Chicago road the other day, and the broad grins which can be seen on the faces of motormen, "grips" and conductors as two blue-clad men new to the service go grumpily by.

The two new conductors were initiated into the mysteries of "snipe-hunting" by a crowd of designing demons at the car barns. These plotters told the victims, who have been ringing fares but a few days, that there was great sport to be had in hunting snipe along the north shore after working hours and the new men were on fire with sporting blood immediately. A grand drive of snipe was accordingly arranged and the crowd went up to the lonely shore near Edgewater. Here a sort of gulch runs between two sand hills. The new men were given a large bag and told to hold it at the mouth of the gulch. Their associates were to go into the brush and drive the snipe down the gulch, while the new men were

LEFT THE NEW MEN THERE.

to close the bag as soon as enough snipe had been corralled. The new men took their stand by the gulch, the bag widely opened and eager determination glowing on their faces. And the rest of the tribe, absconding through the brush, shrieked with laughter all the way back to the car barns.

The new men held the bag till 1 o'clock in the morning. Then they gave up in despair and left each other. When they arrived at the barns they were greeted with hoots of derisive laughter, while the greater part of the earthern population fairly rolled on the ground in glee.

There are no conductors passing through the car barn now, and there are also two men who will fight in a minute at the mention of sand hills or of snipe-hunting.—Chicago News.

## HE "HAD" TO RUN.

A Chicago man who has just returned from a Western trip tells this new "jack-rabbit" story:

As everybody knows, a jack rabbit is

"GET OUT OF THE WAY."

a lightning runner, or as Mark Twain once said, "goes so fast that all you see is a crack in the air."

It seems that a certain fat man, well known in Idaho was out bear-hunting with a party who had been joking him as to what he would do if a bear took after him, and he always claimed that he wouldn't run, anyway. On this day he was poking along in advance on a well-looking trail, when he suddenly ran into a real bear. The hunters in the rear heard a shot and a yell, and in a moment the fat man came dashing down the trail minus his gun, with a jack rabbit making long leaps in front of him.

He was so scared, the other hunters say, that he seemed to be afraid the "jack" would hinder him in his flight, for he was shouting:

"Get out of the way, jack rabbit, and let a man run that has to!"—Chicago News.

### A Good Substitute.

Clara—So that Gotrox girl didn't succeed in capturing a lord, after all.

Maude—No; but she married a baron, and they say he gets as drunk as a lord.—Chicago News.

### A Mormon's Burden.

She—I think Utah offers exceptional advantages in the way of business.

He—Perhaps it does—for milliners.—Ohio State Journal.

## THE ARAB HORSE.

An Arab cannot dispense with food altogether, like the legendary camel of travelers' tales, but his needs are few, and he will maintain his health and spirits under conditions which other horses would never be able to endure, says the Saturday Review. Indeed, not only can he put up with hardships at a pinch, but he actually deteriorates under the generous regimen which is considered necessary for other horses. This has been proved over and over again by purchasers who have refused to believe the usual three feeds of corn to be superrogatory and the morning hour of walking exercise insufficient. There is probably no being so obstinately conservative as an English coachman, and, even when he finds an Arab grow utterly unmanageable, he is not to be convinced that the simple cause is lack of exercise and exuberance of feeding. The fact is, an Arab is naturally so high-spirited and so difficult to tire that even a single feed of corn is excessive unless he is being subjected to exceptionally hard work. He will answer every requirement as a hunter if his diet be restricted to hay or even to grass, and in the summer time he is most satisfactory if he has the run of a paddock, where he can choose his own food and exercise. So far, the quality of the normal Arab in everyday life.

What a picked horse can do when put upon his mettle almost baffles belief. An officer, recently returned from the Soudan, relates that after a ride of 80 miles his horse showed no signs of work, though he had cast all his shoes before accomplishing a quarter of the journey, though many of the camels had died and the others had suffered severely. Again, it was an Arab of 14.2¼, which carried 19 stone 6 pounds and won a ten-mile race at Ferozepore in twenty-five minutes, a feat of endurance probably unequaled in equine annals. And Lord Roberts can bear testimony to the powers of the Arab which carried him through all his campaigns during twenty-five years, and, alone among the horses of history, received official authority to wear the Afghan medal with four clasps. Such qualities are worth insisting upon at the War office as a short cut to the solution of many problems of economy and dispatch in the transport service.

## LOVES RAKISH CLOTHES.

### The Gray Felt Hat With the Feather Proves This Assertion.

It was Alexander Pope, personally misshapen and weak, who said that "every woman is at heart a rake." It was sweeping slander from a mind embittered by failures with the fairer sex. Yet if every woman is not at heart a rake, every woman at heart loves rakish clothes and wears them when she has the opportunity. Possibly the beings in petticoats like conspicuity. The new gray felt hat, with broad brim and a huge feather from the wing of the American buzzard or the Asiatic philaloo bird stuck through it, is an instance in point. That hat is the hat of the Mohawk, the Corinthian, the watch-assaulting blood of London 200 years ago.

It has the billycock swagger and the cavalier sweep. It goes in the mind with moonlight and a twanging guitar in the dusky, rose-scented garden and love-locks flowing from under it and a ruffled wrist just over the strings and a jewel-hilted rapier swung by the side and a half-opened lattice and a dagger stroke between the shoulders. Yet beneath it on Chicago's streets we see the fat, red, perspiring, good-natured, common-place face of the 40-year-old matron and the pinched countenance of the overworked shop girl and the eye-glassed visage of the school teacher and a whole lot of others.

Of course, if a thing be the fashion a woman must wear it whether it makes her look a guy or not. While not a rake at heart, perhaps she likes to look devilish, approaching the forbidden by that circuitous route.—Chicago Chronicle.

SHE LIKED TO LOOK DEVILISH

## DEWEY'S CALENDAR.

| | |
|---|---|
| Dec. 26, 1837 | Born |
| Sept. 23, 1854 | Acting Midshipman |
| June 11, 1855 | Midshipman |
| Jan. 19, 1861 | Passed Midshipman |
| Feb. 23, 1861 | Master |
| April 19, 1861 | Lieutenant |
| March 3, 1865 | Lieutenant Commander |
| April 13, 1872 | Commander |
| Sept. 27, 1884 | Captain |
| June 17, 1896 | Commodore |
| Oct. 21, 1897 | Ordered to Asiatic Station |
| Jan. 3, 1898 | Assumed Command |
| May 1, 1898 | Victory at Manila Bay |
| May 10, 1898 | Thanks of Congress |
| May 13, 1898 | Rear Admiral |
| March 2, 1899 | Admiral |

## BRILLIANTS.

How often woman's heart must turn
To feed upon its own excess
Of deep yet passionate tenderness!
How much of grief the heart must prove
That yields a sanctuary to love!

—L. E. L.

The idle life I lead
Is like a pleasant sleep
Wherein I rest and heed
The dreams that by me sweep.

And still of all my dreams
In turn so swiftly past,
Each in its every seems
A nobler than the last.

And every eve I say,
Nothing my step in bliss
That I have known no day
In all my life like this.

—Robert Bridges.

Alas, how soon the hours are over
Counted us out to play the lover!
And how much narrower is the stage
Allotted us to play the sage!
But when we play the fool, how wide
The theatre expands! beside,
How long the audience sits before us!
How many prompters! what a chorus!

—Walter Savage Landor.

For the sake of my child, I must hasten to save
All the children on earth from the jail and the grave;
For so, and so only, I lighten the share
Of the pain of the world that my darling must bear.
Even so, and so only!

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

## FOUND IN THE PHILIPPINES.

### BY Gen. Chas. King.

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.—The story opens with a scene in the regimental camp on Presidio heights, overlooking San Francisco harbor. Rumors of moving orders to Manila and the arrival from New York of lady visitors at headquarters vary the monotony of camp routine. The visitors are in search of a run-away boy who is believed to have entered the army, and Lieut. Gray, the most popular young officer in his regiment, through a supposed acquaintance with one of the visiting party, Miss Amy Lawrence, is envied by his fellows. The party escorted by Colonel Armstrong, attends a review on the drill grounds, and is disturbed by the sight of a young prisoner who breaks away from his guards near them, and by a collision among the carriages. Mrs. Garrison, an old acquaintance of Colonel Armstrong, is hurt. Private Morton is arrested on a charge of stealing money. He apeals to Lieutenant Gray, of his fraternity, for help, and Gray secures the recall of guard over him. The troops prepare to sail for Manila. Mrs. Garrison joins the Red Cross society and assists at the embarking. Young Morton and three other prisoners escape through a tunnel. Gray is arrested, charged with having aided the prisoners.

### CHAPTER VIII.

Social circles at West Point at long, rare intervals are shocked by a scandal, and at short ones, say every other summer—are stirred by some kind of a sensation, and the "Fairy Sisters" were the sensation of the year '97. They came in July; they went in September, and meanwhile they were "on the go" as they expressed it, from morn till late at night. Physically they were the lightest weights known to the hop room. Mentally, as their admirers in the corps expressed it, "either of them can take a fall out of any woman at the Point," and this was especially true of the elder—Mrs. Frank Garrison—whose husband was on staff duty in the far West. Both were slight, fragile, tiny blondes with light blue eyes, with lighter, fluffy hair, with exquisite little hands and feet, with oval, prettily shaped faces, and the younger—the maiden sister, had a bewitching mouth and regular, snowy dots of teeth of which she was justly proud. Yet, as has been previously said of Mrs. Frank, while the general effect was in the case of each that of an extremely pretty young girl, the elder had no really good features, the younger only that one. They generally dressed very much alike in light, flimsy gowns, and hats, gloves and summer shoes all of dazzling white—sometimes verging for a change to a creamy hue—but colors, except for sashes or summer shawls, seemed banished from their wardrobes. They danced divinely, said the corps, and preferred cadet partners, to the joy of the battalion. They rode fearlessly and well, and had stunning hats and habits, but few opportunities for display thereof. They came tripping down the path from the hotel every morning, fresh and fair as daisies, in time for guard mounting, and at any hour after that could be found chatting with cadet friends at the visitors' tent, strolling arm in arm about the shaded walks with some of their many admirers until time to dress for the evening hop, where they never missed a dance, and on rainy days, or on those evenings when there was neither hop nor band practice, they could be found, each in some dimly lightly, secluded nook about the north or west piazza, or on the steps leading down to the "Chain Battery Walk," sometimes surrounded by a squad of cadet friends, but more frequently in murmured tete-a-tete with only one cavalier. In the case of Mrs. Frank no member of the corps seemed especially favored. She was just the same to every one. In the case of her younger sister—Miss Terriss—there presently developed a dashing young cadet captain who so scientifically conducted his campaign that he headed off almost all competitors and was presently accorded the lead under the universally accepted theory that he had won the little lady's heart. Observant women—and what women are not observant—of each other?—declared both sisters to be desperate flirts. Society at the Point frowned upon them and, after the first formal call or two, dropped them entirely. The thing they never seemed to resent in the least, or even to notice. They were never invited out to tea or dinner on the post—solemn functions nowhere near so palatable as the whispered homage of stalwart young manhood. "Nita is yet such a child she infinitely prefers cadet society, and I always did like boys," explained Mrs. Garrison. Some rather gay old boys used to run up Saturday afternoons on the Mary Powell and spend Sunday at the Point—Wall Street men of fifty years and much lucre. "Dear old friends of father's," Mrs. Frank used to say, "and I've simply got to entertain them." Entertained they certainly were, for her wit and vivacity were acknowledged on every side, and entertained not only collectively, but severally, for she always managed to give each his hour's confidential chat, and on the Sundays of their coming had no time to spare for cadet friends. Moreover, she always drove down in the big 'bus with them Monday morning when the Powell was sighted coming along that glorious reach from Polopel's Island, and stood at the edge of the wharf waving her tiny kerchief—even blowing fairy kisses to them as they steamed away. No wonder Nita Terriss was frivolous and flirtatious with such an example, said society, and its frowns grew blacker when the White Sisters, the Fairy Sisters—the "Sylphites," came in view. But frowns and fulminations both fell harmless from the armor of Mrs. Frank's gay insouciance. Nita winced at first, but soon rallied and bore the slights of the permanent and semi-permanent residents as laughingly as did her more experienced sister. Nita, it was explained was only just out of school, and Mrs. Frank was giving her this summer at the Point as a great treat before taking her to the far West, where the elder sister must soon join her husband. Everybody knew Frank Garrison. He had long been stationed at the Academy, and was a man universally liked and respected—even very highly regarded. All of a sudden the news came back to the Point a few months after his return to his regiment that he was actually engaged to "Witchie" Terris. Hot on the heels of the rumor came the wedding cards—Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. Terriss requested the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter Margaret to Lieutenant Francis Key Garrison, —th U. S. Cavalry, at the Post Chapel, Fort Riley, Kansas, November —, 1894—all in Tiffany's best style, as were the cards which accompanied the invitation. "What a good thing for old Bill Terriss," said everybody who knew that his impecuniosity was due to the exactions and extravagancies of his wife and "Witchie"—"And what a bad thing for Frank Garrison!" was the echo. His intimates knew that he had "put by" through economy and self-denial about two thousand dollars, the extent of his fortune outside of his pay. "She'll make ducks and drakes of it in the six weeks' honeymoon," was the confident prophecy, and she probably did, for, despite the fact that he had so recently rejoined the regiment, "Witchie" insisted on a mid-winter run to New Orleans, Savannah and Washington, and bore her lord but not her master, over the course in triumph. To a student of human nature—and frailty, that union of a faded and somewhat shop-worn maid of twenty-seven to an ardent and vigorous young soldier many moons her junior was easy to account for. One after another Witchie Terriss had had desperate affairs with half a dozen fellows, older or younger, in the army and was known to have been engaged to five different men at different times, and believed to have been engaged to two different men at one time. Asked as to this by one of her chums she was reported to have replied: "Do you know, I believe it true; I had totally forgotten about Ned Colston before Mr. Forman had been at the post a week. Of course the only thing to do was to break with both and let them start fresh." But this Mr. Colston, whose head had been somewhat cleared by a month of breezy, healthful scouting, accepted only in part—that part which included the break. Forman had the fresh start and a walk over and held the trophy just two months, when it dawned upon him that Margaret loved dancing far more than she did him—a clumsy performer, and that she would dance night after night, the lightest, daintiest creature in the hop room, and never have a word or a look for him who leaned in gloomy admiration against the wall and never took his eyes off her. He became jealous, moody, ugly-tempered and finally had the good luck to get his congé as the result of an attempt to assert himself and limit her dances. She was blithe and radiant and fancy-free when Frand Garrison reached the post, a wee bit hipped, it was whispered, because of the failure of a half-hearted suit of his in the far East, and the Fairy bounded into the darkness of his life and fairly dazzled him. Somebody had said Frank Garrison had money.

There is no need to tell of the disillusion that gradually came. Frank found his debts mounting up and its cares increasing. She was all sympathy and regret when he mentioned it, but—there were certain luxuries and little things she had always been accustomed to, and couldn't live without. Surely he would not have her apply to papa. No, but—could she not manage with a little less? He was willing to give up his cigars (indeed, he had long since done so) and to make his uniforms last a year longer—he who was in his day the most carefully dressed men at the Point. Well—she thought perhaps he ought to do that—besides—men's fashions changed but slowly whereas women's—"Well, I'd rather be dead than out of style, Frank!"

And so it went.

But she did not love her husband there was one being in whom her frivolous heart was really bound up—Nita—her "baby sister," as she called her, and when Terriss, the colonel, went the way of all flesh, preceded only a few months by the wife of his bosom, the few thousands in life insurance he had managed to maintain went to the two daughters. Not one penny was ever laid out in payment of the debts of either the father or husband. Nita was sent to an extravagant finishing school in Gotham, and along in May of the young girl's graduating year, blithe little Mrs. Garrison arrived, fresh from the far west, and after a few weeks of sight seeing and shopping the sisters appeared at the Point, even half-mourning by this time discarded. Thirteen years difference was there in the ages of the Fairy sisters, and not a soul save those who knew them in former days on the frontier would have suspected it. Mrs. Frank in evening dress didn't look over twenty.

One lovely evening early in August, just about the time that Cadet Captain Latrobe began to show well to the front in the run for the prize, the two sisters had gone to their room at the hotel to dress for the hop. It was their custom to disappear from public gaze about six o'clock, and when they came floating down the stairs in filmy, diaphanous clouds of white, the halls were well filled with impatient cavaliers in the natty cadet uniform, and with women "waiting to see." Then the sisters would go into the dining room and have some light refreshment, with a glass of iced tea—and no matter how torrid the heat or how flushed and dragged other women might look, they were inviting pictures of all that was ever fresh, cool and fragrant. The two fluffy blonde heads would be huddled close together a minute as they studied the bill of fare, and virtuous matrons at other tables, fanning vigorously, would sniff and say: "All for effect. They know that supper bill by heart. It never changes." All the same, at the bottom of this public display of sisterly devotion and harmony and in spite of occasional tiffs and differences, there was genuine affection on both sides, for as a child Nita had adored Margaret, and there could be no doubting the elder's love for the child. Some regimental observers said that every bit of heart that elder Terriss girl had was wrapped up in the little one. Neither girl, even after Margaret's marriage, would listen to a word in disparagement of the other, but in the sanctity of the sisterly retreat on the third floor of the hotel there occurred sometimes spirited verbal tilts that were quite distinctly audible to passers-by in the corridor, provided they cared to listen, which some of them did. On this especial August evening Mrs. Frank was in an admonitory frame of mind. They had known Mr. Latrobe barely three weeks, and yet as Mrs. Frank was sauntering around a turn in Flirtation walk, leaning on the arm of the cadet adjutant, there in the pathway right ahead stood Nita, a lovely little picture with downcast eyes, and "Pat" Latrobe bending over her with love and passion glowing in his handsome face, pleading eagerly, clinging fervently to both her tiny, white gloved hands. Mrs. Garrison saw it all in the flash of a second, the adjutant not at all, for with merry laughter she repeated some words he had just spoken as though they were about the wittiest, funniest things in the world, and looked frankly up into his eyes as though he were the best and brightest man she had met in years—so his eyes were riveted, and the tableau had time to dissolve. All the same the sight gave Mrs. Garrison rather more than a bad quarter of an hour. She was infinitely worried. Not because Pat Latrobe had fallen desperately in love with her charming little sister—that was his lookout—but what might not happen if the charming little sister were to fall in love with that handsome soldier boy. At all hazards, even if she had to whisk her away to-morrow, that had to be stopped, and this very evening when they went to their room Margaret spoke.

"Nita, if it were only for Mr. Latrobe I should not care a snap of my finger, but it's you—you. I thought you had more sense. I thought you fully understood that you couldn't afford to lose yourself a moment—and yet I've ever a girl looked like yielding you did this very afternoon. For my sake, for your own sake, Nita, don't let it go any further—don't fall in love—here—whatever you do."

The younger sister stood at the dressing-table at the moment, her face averted. The Marr Powell was just rounding the Point, and the mellow, melodious notes of her bell were still echoing through the highlands. Nita was gazing out on the gorgeous effect of sunset light and shadow on the eastern cliffs and crags across the Hudson, a flush vivid mantling her cheeks, her lip quivering. She was making valiant efforts to control herself before replying.

"I'm not in love with him," she finally said.

"Perhaps not—yet. Surely I hope not—but it looked awfully like it was coming—and Nita, you simply mustn't. You go to marry money if you have to stand guard over you and see you do it—and you know you can this minute—if you'll only listen to me."

The younger girl wheeled sharply, her eyes flashing. "Peggy, you promised me I shouldn't hear that hateful thing again—at least not until we left here—and you've broken your word—twice. You—"

"It's because I must. I can't see you drifting—the way I did when, with your youth and advantages you can pick and choose. Colonel Frost has mines and money all over the West, and he was your shadow at the seashore and all broken up—he told me—so when we came here, Paddy Latrobe is a beautiful boy without a penny—"

"His uncle—" began Nita feebly.

"The uncle had a sister to support besides Paddy's mother. His pay as brigadier in the regular service is only fifty-five hundred. He can't have saved much of anything in the past, and he may last a dozen years yet—or more. Even if he does leave everything then to Latrobe, what'll you do meantime? Don't be a fool, Nita, because I was. I had to be. It was that or nothing, and father was getting tired. You heard how he talked."

The younger sister was still at the dressing-table diligently brushing her shining, curly tresses. She had regained her composure and was taking occasional furtive peeps at Mrs. Frank, now seated at the foot of the bed, busy with a button hook and the adjustment of a pair of very dainty boots of white kid, whose buttons gleamed like pearls. The mates to them, half a size smaller, peeped from the tray of Nita's new trunk.

There came a footstep and a rap at the door. "See what it is, Nita, there's a love—I don't want to hop."

It was a card—a new arrival at the hotel.

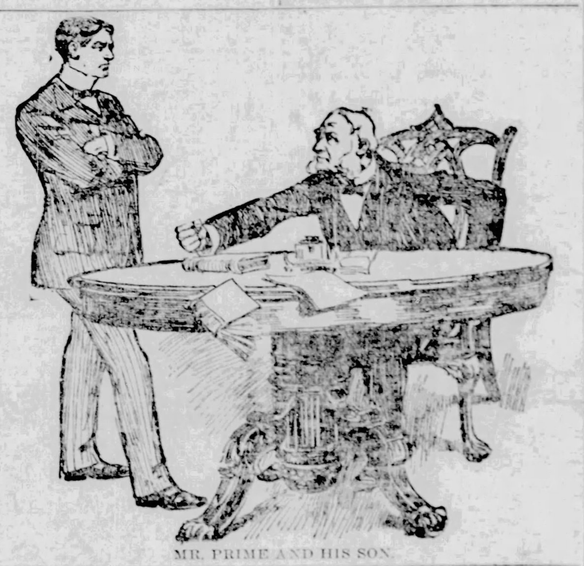
"Gentleman said he'd wait in the parlor 'm," said the bellboy, and vanished. Nita glanced at the card and instant trouble stood in her paling face. Silently Mrs. Garrison held out her hand, took the card, and one quick look. The buttonhook dropped from her relaxed fingers. The card read:

"Mr. Gouverneur Prime."

For a second or two the sisters gazed at each other in silence.

At last the elder spoke. In heaven's name, what brings that absurd boy back here? I thought him safe in Europe."

### CHAPTER IX.



MR. PRIME AND HIS SON.

One of the most charming writers of our day and generation has declared that "the truest blessing a girl can have" is "the ingenuous devotion of a young boy's heart." Nine mothers in ten will probably take issue with the gifted author on that point, and though no longer a young girl in years whatever she might be in looks, Margaret Garrison would gladly have sent the waiting gentlemen to the right about, for, though he was only twenty, "Gov" Prime, as a junior at Columbia, had been ingenuously devoted to the little lady from the very first evening he saw her. A boy of frank, impulsive nature, was "Gov"—a boy still in spite of the budding mustache, the twenty summers and the barely passed "exam" that wound up the junior year and entitled him to sit with the seniors when the great university opened its doors in October. Studies he hated, but tennis, polo, cricket, riding and dancing were things he loved and excelled in. Much of his boyhood had been spent at one of those healthy, hearty English schools where all that would cultivate physical and mental manhood was assiduously practiced, and all that would militate against them was as rigorously "tabooed."

At the coming of his twentieth birthday that summer his father had handed him his check for five thousand dollars—the paternal expression of satisfaction that his boy had never smoked pipe, cigar or cigarette—and the same week "Gov" had carried off the blue ribbon with the racquet, and the second prize with the single sculls. It was during the "exams," the first week in June, when dropping in for five o'clock tea on some girls whom he had known for years, he was presented to this witching little creature whose name he didn't even catch. "We met her away out at an army post in Wyoming when papa took us to California last year," was whispered to him, "and they entertained us so cordially, and of course we said if ever you come to New York you must be sure to let us know—and she did—but—" and there his informant paused, dubious. Other callers came in and it began to rain—a sudden drenching shower, and the little stranger from the far West was plainly enough that her hostesses, though presenting their friends after our cheery American fashion, were unable to show her further attention, and the newly presented—almost all women, said "so very pleased" but failed to look it, or otherwise to manifest their pleasure. She couldn't go in the rain. The butler had "phoned for a cab. She wouldn't sit there alone and neglected. She deliberately signaled Mr. Prime. The ladies are all busy, she said with a charmingly appealing smile, "but I know you can take me. I have to dress for dinner after I get home, and must be at One Hundred and Tenth street at 7:30. How long will it take a carriage to drive me there? Oh, is that your society pin? Why, are you still in college? Why, I thought—"

That cab was twenty-five minutes coming, and when it came Mr. Prime went with it and her, whom he had never left an instant from the moment of her question. Moreover, he discovered she was nervous about taking the carriage drive all alone away up to One Hundred and Tenth street, yet what other way could a girl go in chaperonless state? He left her at the door with a reluctantly given permission to return in an hour and escort her to the distant home of her friends and entertainers. He drove to the Waldorf and had a light cup of tea with a half-pint of Hock—devoured her with his eyes as they drove rapidly northward, went to a theatre and thought she dined and forgot him, and was at the carriage door when she came down to be driven home. Seven hours—seven hours had done the business, so far as Governeur Prime was concerned.

It was the boy's first wild infatuation—as mad, unreasoning, absurd, yet as real, as was ever that of Arthur Pendennis for the lovely Fotheringay. Margaret Garrison had never seen or known the like of it. She had fascinated others for a time, had kindled love, passion and temporary devotion, but this was worship, and it was something so sweet to her jaded senses, something so rich and spontaneous that she gave herself up for a day or two to the delicious studying of it. Here was a glorious young athlete, whose eyes followed her every move and gesture, who hung absolutely in utter captivation at her voice, trembled and whose every impulse, yet whose strong, brown, shapely hand never dared so much as touch hers, except when she expected it in greeting. He was to accompany his father and sister to Europe in a week so what harm was there? He would forget all about it. He knew now she was married. He was presented to Nita, but had hardly a word and never a look for her when Margaret was near. He was dumb and miserable all the day they drove in the park and later mixed at Delmonico's with Colonel Frost. He was sick, even when mounted on his favorite English thoroughbred and scampering about the bridle path for peeps at the drives, when she was at the park again with that gray-haired reprobate, that "money-shark, Cashion—a Wall street broker black-balled at every decent club in New York. Why should she go with him? He had been most kind, she said, in the advice and aid he had given her in the investment of her little fortune. She told the boy with downcast eyes and cheeks that burned, for most of that little fortune was already frittered away, and Cashion's reports seemed to require many personal visits that had to ignore waging at the hotel were much frequented of the army, where she had taken a room until Nita should have been graduated and they could go to the seashore. She had promised to be at home to her boy adorer that very evening and to go with him to Daly's, and he had secured the seats four days ahead. Poor "Gov" has trotted swiftly home from the park, striving to comfort himself over his bath and irreproachable evening clothes, that there, with her by his side, the wild jealousy of the day would vanish. Sharply on the hour he had sent up his card and listened, incredulous, to the reply: "Mrs. Garrison has not yet returned." He would wait, he said, and did wait, biting his nails, treading the floor, fuming in doubt and despair until nearly 10, when a carriage dashed up to the ladies' entrance and that vile Cashton handed her out, escorted her in and vanished. She came hurrying to her boy lover with both little hands outstretched, with a face deeply flushed and words of pleading and distress rushing from her lips. "Indeed I could not help it, Gov," she cried. "I told him of my engagement and said we must not go so far, but away at the north end something happened, I don't know what, a wheel was bent and the harness wrenched by two short a turn on a stone post at a corner. Something had to be repaired. They said it wouldn't take ten minutes, and he led me out and up to the piazza of that big hotel—you know, we saw it the day I drove with you——" ("He was a blackguard to take you there!" burst in Prime, the blood boiling in his veins.) "Then we waited and waited, and he went to hurry them, and then he came back and said they had found more serious damages—that it would take an hour, and meantime dinner had been ordered and must be served. He had telephoned to you and the butler had answered all right." "He's a doubledyed liar!" raved "Gov" furiously. "And so what could I do, Gov? The dinner was delicious, but I couldn't eat a mouthful." (This time it wasn't Cashion who lied.) "I was worrying about you, and—and—about myself, too, Gov. I had set my

heart on going with you. It was to be almost our last evening. Oh, if you only didn't have to sail Saturday, and could be here next week, you dear boy, you should have no cause for complaint! Won't you try to forgive me?"

And, actually, tears stood in her eyes, as again she held out both hands. They were the only people in the parlor, and in an instant, with quick, sudden irresistible action he had clasped and drawn her to his breast, and though she hid her face and struggled, passionate kisses were printed on her dishevelled hair. It was the first time he had dared.

And then he did not sail Saturday. Prime Senior was held by some important business. They gave up the Saturday Cunarder and took the midweek White Star, and those four additional days rivetted poor Gov's chains and left her well-night breathless with excitement. The strain had been intense. It was all she could do to make the boy try to behave in a rational way in the presence of others. When alone with her he raved. A fearful load was lifted from her spare little shoulders when the Teutonic sailed. Even Nita had worried and had seen her sister's worry. Then no sooner did "Gov" reach Europe than he began writing impassioned letters by every steamer, but that wasn't so bad. She had several masculine correspondents, some of whom wrote as often as Frank, but none of whom, to do her justice, got letters as often as he did, which however, was saying little, for she hated writing. Gov was to have stayed abroad three months, piloting the pater and sister about the scenes so familiar to him, but they saw how nervous and unhappy he was. They knew he was writing constantly to some one. Mildred had long since divined that there was a girl at the bottom of it all, and longed and strove to find out who she was. Through the last of June and all through July he resolutely stood to his promise and did his best to be loving and brotherly to a loving and devoted sister and dutiful to a most indulgent father. But he grew white and worn and haggard, he who had been such a picture of rugged health and, in her utter innocence and ignorance as to the being on whom her brother had lavished the wealth of his love, Mildred began to ask herself should she not urge her father to let Gov return to America. At last one sweet July evening, late in the month, the brother and sister were wandering along the lovely shore of Lucerne. He had been unusually fitful, restless and moody all day. No letter had reached him in over a fortnight, and he was miserably unhappy. They stopped at a grassy bank that ran down to the rippling water's edge, and she seated herself on a stone ledge, while in reckless abandonment he threw himself full length on the dewy grass. Instantly the last doubt vanished. Bending over him her soft hand caressing his hair, she whispered: "Gov, dear boy, is it so very hard? Would you like to go to her at once?"

And the boy buried his face in her lap, twined his arms about her slender waist, and almost groaned aloud as he answered: "For pity's sake help me if you can, Mildred, I'm almost mad."

Early in August the swiftest steamer of the line was splitting the Atlantic surges and driving hard for home, with Gov cursing her for a canal boat. The day after he reached New York he had traced and followed the White Sisters to West Point, and Margaret Garrison stared in mingled delight, triumph and dismay at the card in her hand. Delight that she could show these exclusive Pointers that the heir to one of the oldest and best names in Gotham's Four Hundred was a slave to her beck and call. Dismay to think of the scene that might occur through his jealousy when he saw the devoted attentions she received from so many men—officers, civilians and cadets. Old Cashton came up now as regularly as Saturday night came around—and there were others. Margaret Garrison was more talked about than any woman in Orange county, yet, who could report anything of her beyond that she was a universal favorite, and danced, walked, possibly flirted with a dozen different cavaliers every day of her life? There were some few among her accusers, demure and most proper—even prudish—women of whom, were the truth to be told, so little could not be said.

"Gov" Prime took the only kind of room to be had in the house, so full was it—a little seven by ten box on the office floor. He would have slept in the coal bin rather than leave her. He saw her go off to the hop, looking radiant, glancing back over her shoulder and smiling sweetly at him. He rushed to his trunk, dragged out his evening clothes, and stood at the wall looking on until the last note of the last dance—he a noted German leader in the younger set and the best dancer of his years in Gotham. Not so much as a single spin had he, and he longed to show those tight-waisted, button-bestrewed fellows in gray and white how little they really knew about dancing, well as many of them appeared on the floor. His reward was tendered as the hop broke up. She came gliding to him with such witchery in her upraised face. "Now, sir, it is your turn. I couldn't give you a dance, for my card was made out days ago, but Mr. Latrobe was glad enough to get rid of taking me home. He is daft about Nita, and of course she can't let him take her to more than one hop a week. Mr. Stanton is her escort to-night."

Then she placed her little hand on his arm, and drew herself to his side, and when he would have followed the others, going straight across the broad plain to the lights at the hotel, turned him to the left. "I'm going to take you all the way round, sir," she said joyously. "Then we can be by ourselves at least ten minutes longer."

And so began the second period of Gouverneur Prime's thralldom. A young civilian at the Point has few opportunities at any time, but when the lady of his love is a belle in the corps, he would much better take a long ocean voyage than be where he could hear and see, and live in daily torment. One comfort came to him when he could not be with Mrs. Garrison (who naively explained that "Gov." was such a dear boy and they were such stanch friends, real comrades, you know). He had early made the acquaintance of Pat Latrobe, and there was a bond of sympathy between them which was none the less strong because, on Prime's side, it could neither be admitted nor alluded to—that they were desperately in love with the sisters, and it was not long before it began to dawn on Prime that pretty little Nita was playing a double game—that even while assuring her guardian sister that she only had a mild interest in Latrobe, she was really losing or had lost her heart to him, and in every way in her power was stretching to conceal the fact from Margaret, and yet meet her lover as often as she thought it possible to do so without discovery. As the friendship strengthened between himself and Latrobe they began using him as Cupid's postman, and many little notes and some big ones found their way to and from the Fourth division of cadet barracks. Mrs. Frank was only moderately kind to her civilian adorer then, granting him only one dance at each hop, and going much with other men, but that dance was worth seeing. Prime's was the only black "claw-hammer" in the room, and therefore conspicuous, and cadets—who know a good thing when they see it—and many a pretty girl partner, would draw aside to watch the perfection of their step and the exquisite ease with which they seemed to float through space, circling and reversing and winding among the other dancers, he ever alert, watchful, quick as a cat and lithe and strong as a panther—she all yielding lissome airy grace. That dance was "Gov." Prime's reward, and almost only reward for hours of impatient waiting. Other women, charming and pretty and better women, would gladly have been his partners. Some two or three of whom he met at the hotel even intimated as much. But not until Lady Garrison told him he must—to protect her from scandal—did he ask another to dance. At last came the end of the summer's encampment, the return of the corps to barracks and studies, one blissful week in which he was enabled to spend several uninterrupted hours each day at her side, and then a cataclysm. A letter intended only for Nita's hands fell into those of her sister. It was bulky. It was from Latrobe. She hesitated only a moment, then, with determination in her eyes, opened and read—all. Two days after Nita was whisked away to New York, and within another week, leaving two most disconsolate swains on the Hudson, the sisters, one of them bathed in tears, went spinning away to the west, where Frank Garrison was on duty at department headquarters. Prime was permitted to write once a fortnight (he sent a volume), and Latrobe forbidden, but already the poor boy owned a thick packet of precious missives, all breathing fond love and promising utter constancy though she had to wait for him for years. For a month Nita would hardly speak to her sister, but in October there were lovely drives, picnics and gayeties of all kinds. There were attractive young officers and assiduous old ones, and among these latter was Frost, with his handsome gray mustache and distinguished bearing, and that air of conscious success and possession which some men know so well how to assume even when their chances are slimmer than my lady's hand. The sisterly breach was healed before that beautiful month was over. Frost dined at the Garrisons four times a week, and drove Miss Nita behind his handsome bays every day or two. In November he asked a question. In December there was an announcement that called forth a score of congratulations around headquarters, and in January the wedding cards went all over the Union—some to West Point, but to Latrobe, who had been looking ill and anxious for six weeks, said his classmates, and failing off fearfully in his studies, said his professors, only a brief note inclosing his letters and begging for hers. At reveille next morning there was no captain to receive the report of roll call from the first sergeant of Company B. "Where's Latrobe?" sleepily asked the officer of the day of the cadet first lieutenant. "I dn' know," was the answer, and to the amaze of Latrobe's roommate, who had gone to bed and to sleep right after taps the night before, they found evidence that "Pat" had left his post. He had not even made down his bedding. His cadet uniforms were all there, but a suit of civilian clothes, usually in a snug package up the chimney, that had been used several times "running it" to the hotel after taps in August, was now, like its owner, missing. After three days' waiting and fruitless search, the superintendent wired Latrobe's uncle and best friend, old General Drayton, and that was the last seen or heard of "Pat." In the spring and ahead of time his class was graduated without him, for the war with Spain was on. In the spring an irate and long-tried father was upbraiding another only son for persistent failures at college. "Gov Prime will get the sack, not the sheepskin," prophesied his fellows. And then somehow, somewhere the father heard it was a married woman with whom his boy was so deeply in love, and there were bitter, bitter words on both sides—so bitter that when at last he flung himself out of his father's study Gov Prime went straight to Mildred's room, silently kissed her and walked out of the house. This was in April. The next heard of him he had enlisted for the war and had gone to San Francisco with his regiment with the prospect of service in the Philippines ahead of him, but that was full four months after his disappearance. Thither, late in July, the father followed, bringing Mildred with him and—the reader knows the rest.

(To be continued).

## FOR A RAINY NIGHT.

A rainy night is usually a dark one. This is especially the case in Conshohocken, Pa., so a resident of that place has invented a means by which he can see his way clear regardless of the elements. Accompanying sketch conveys his idea better than words. The power is supplied to the light by a tiny battery

MAKING CLEAR THE WAY BEFORE.

fastened to the handle of the umbrella. Being incased in aluminum and protected by a thick glass bull's-eye, the rain can do the light no damage.

## NOT SO GRACEFUL.

The Harlem Dancing Masters' association declares the right hand of the lady in a round dance must be allowed perfect freedom, so that she may manage the new style long and voluminous

TO ACCOMMODATE THE TRAIN.

train. The man's left hand, therefore must hang in stiff military fashion by his side. The association has just issued this announcement. Dancers declare that the first time this is tried in a crowded ball room, a number of ambulances had best be in readiness to take away those injured in collisions.


"No Eye Like the Master's Eye."

*You are master of your health, and if you do not attend to duty, the blame is easily located. If your blood is out of order, Hood's Sarsaparilla will purify it.*

It is the specific remedy for troubles of the blood, kidneys, bowels or liver.

**Kidneys**—"My kidneys troubled me, and on advice took Hood's Sarsaparilla which gave prompt relief, better appetite. My sleep is refreshing. It cured my wife also." MICHAEL BOYLE, 3473 Denny Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

**Scrofulous Humor**—"I was in terrible condition from the itching and burning of scrofulous humor. Grew worse under treatment of several doctors. Took Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills. These cured me thoroughly." J. J. LITTLE, Fulton, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.


No joy or pleasure on this earth quite equals that which comes into the home when baby arrives. Who can describe the happiness of man and woman, joined in wedlock, as they look upon the fragile, delicate mite that is blood of their blood

and flesh of their flesh? And who can depict the hopelessness and dejection that hover about the home where the wife is incapable of becoming a mother? Barrenness proceeds from some derangement of the distinctly feminine organs. Many of the common ailments known as "female troubles" cause it. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription overcomes barrenness by stamping out diseases of women, and by healing and curing ulceration. It tones up the system, stops drains, and restores strength. During gestation it modifies morning sickness, gives elasticity to the overstrained parts concerned, makes the hour of baby's coming short and almost painless, and gives wonderful recuperative power to the patient. By making the mother strong and cheerful, it makes the little one healthy, vigorous and good natured. Insist upon the medicine dealer giving you Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription when you ask for it. Substitutes are often dangerous.

Mrs. James W. Blacker, of 629 Catherine St., Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "Your medicines have done wonders for me. For years my health was very poor; I had four miscarriages, but since taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Favorite Prescription I have much better health, and now I have a fine healthy baby."

For 21 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing *only*, you can get a free copy of that celebrated doctor book, the Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, illustrated. Cloth-bound, 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

## Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons or firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers would be free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, nor concerning prices of coins. 6.—No answers by mail.

**Philippine Trade.**

"It is claimed that the possession of the Philippine Islands will enlarge our trade with them. I this because there will be no duties to be paid by us or them on such commerce? What other causes would tend to increase our exchange of commodities, seeing that a conquered people would hate us?"—P. J. R., Binghamton, W. Va.

Instead of obtaining the goods they need from Spain they will purchase of us. This will give us the commerce of at least 8,000,000 people, and this will increase rapidly as the merits of American goods become known among the natives. There are a vast number of things used in our every day life which to the Filipinos are unknown. Coal oil is one of these, and in that hot climate its use for cooking will be enormous as soon as it is introduced. Don't worry about their "hating" us. In 1865, as soon as the civil war was over, did not the Southern people immediately begin trade with us, after over four years of furious warfare?

But the great trade we will get will be with China and India. Over a third of the human race lives in the Chinese Empire. With Manila at their doors, we will get the trade of many millions of these, many times more than the total population of the Philippines. Our warehouses and trade depots will be only 300 miles away from China, instead of 9,000, as they were before we took the Philippines.

We will build up in a few years a larger trade in cotton with China and Japan than we now have with England. We will send as much breadstuffs and canned meats there as we do to Europe. We will send more iron and steel manufactures, cotton cloths, and a myriad of similar manufactured articles, to the Orient than we now do to all of Europe. This will give our farmers, our mines, our factories and mills, vastly more markets than they now have. That will mean more employment for workingmen, and the maintenance of prosperous times. The Philippines will pay for themselves a thousand times over within the next half century. The people will be as free as are the people in our territories, and they will remember their insurrection with regret. The do not know us, that is all.

**Queer Query.**

"I have built three fairly expensive houses in the last 20 years, and am now contemplating one. All have been erected during Republican times, but one, and that one built in Cleveland's time, cost one-third less than the three built in Republican times, while the one I am now contemplating will cost nearly double what it would have cost in Democratic times. Lumber is high, nails high, glass high, and carpenters can hardly be had at all. Would it not have been to my advantage to have voted for Bryan and had cheap lumber and cheap money? I have no stock to sell. I have to pay cash."—T. C. H., Herrick, Ill.

Well, that depends. In the first place, your single vote would not have changed the result. But, not considering that, the answer to your question depends on the kind of a man you are. If you are a selfish individual, incapable of seeing beyond the end of your nose, you would probably vote for Bryan for the reason you give. But you would forget that if the house is for rent, in prosperous times like the present, you can be sure of renting it and at a good rental. In bad times it will either stand vacant, or the rent will be a low one. If you built the house to sell, it will sell for far more now than it would in 1894, or 1895, 1 or 2 for enough more to equalize things. The wisest policy is that which makes for the prosperity of all of the people. In 1896 Bryan was howling because prices were so low. His argument was for free silver that it would raise prices. Well, prices are up for everything, without free silver, and Bryan is now howling because prices are so high, and he now attributes them to "the trusts." High prices mean prosperity; low prices mean hard times. Take your choice.

**The Casting Vote.**

"When and on what important questions has the President of the United States Senate had the casting vote?"—L. S., Lexington, Nex.

The provision of the national constitution on this point is found in Article I, Section, Clause 4, which is as follows: "The Vice President of the United States shall be President of the Senate, but shall have no vote unless they be equally divided."

This gives him a vote on any measure whenever the Senate happens to be equally divided. He votes "aye" or "no," as he may one. The Vice President is not a Senator. To carry any measure it must have a majority of the Senators present. If they are equally divided, the measure is lost for it has not a majority. To give the Vice President a casting vote, gives him the power to pass a measure (if he be in favor of it) when the Senate has really defeated it.

**The 20th Century.**

"Will you tell me when the twentieth century will begin, and please give explanation?"—G. G., Vermontville, Mich.

The twentieth century will begin on January 1, 1901. Reason—because it takes 100 years to make a century. And the nineteenth century will not be complete until December 31, 1900.

The first century began January 1, A. D. 1, and ended December 31, A. D. 100. The second century began January 1, A. D. 101, and ended December 31, A. D. 200. Count on up the centuries to the nineteenth, which you will find began on January 1, 1801, and will end December 31, 1900, and January 1, 1901, will begin the twentieth century.

**Can Not Tell.**

"Can you tell from the records how long it has been since your first subscribed for The Blade, and how much time I have lost in not being prompt to renew?"—H. G. B., Radcliffe, Iowa.

It is absolutely impossible to ascertain such facts. To keep a set of books, with the individual account of each subscriber, would be an enormous task, costly and cumbrous, without any compensating advantage. We have nothing of the sort. The mailing list, in type, is the only record we have, and you have a copy of that on the red tab with your name, which is on your paper every week. That tells the date to which your subscription is paid. When you renew, the date is changed, that is all.

**Ohio Campaign of 1863.**

"Give names of respective candidates for governor of Ohio in 1863, the issue of the campaign, and the vote as per official count."—E. E. S., Danstown, W. Va.

The candidates for governor of Ohio in 1863 were John Brough, Union Republican, and C. L. Vallandigham, Democrat. The official vote was:

| | |
|---|---|
| John Brough | 288,374 |
| C. L. Vallandigham | 187,492 |
| Brough's majority | 100,882 |

The issue was the support of the government in the prosecution of the civil war. Vallandigham had been arrested by Gen. Burnside for treasonable utterances, and sent through our lines South. The Confederates gave him the cold shoulder, and he escaped to Canada. It was this that led the Democrats to nominate him.

**Death Valley.**

"It is said the hottest place in the United States, if not in the world, is Death Valley, near Barstow, Southern California. It is said that hundreds of travelers have perished, and for years their bones lie bleaching in the sun. Give us a description of this valley."—W. M. N., Elkmont, Ala.

Death Valley is one of the hottest places in the United States, but it is by no means the hottest in the world. It is simply a valley which at one time was sea bottom. It is a desert. What water there is, is strongly impregnated with borax and other minerals. Large borax deposits are regularly worked. It is false to say "hundreds of travelers" have perished. Some have, and their bones were found years afterward; but they were gold-seekers, who entered the valley without taking proper precautions.

**No National Flower.**

"At a gathering recently the question arose as to what our national flower is—one thought pansy, another apple blossom, another that there was none, while I held it is the golden rod. Will you please inform us through the Question Bureau what it is and why chosen?"—K. J. F., Star Prairie, Wis.

There is no national flower. The one who made that statement was right. There is no flower that is common to all parts of the United States. This country is too large. We have too great a variety of climate. A New England magazine, we believe, a few years ago, took a vote of its readers, the most of whom lived in New England, and the majority favored the golden rod; but that did not make it the national flower, by a great deal.

**Tempering Spring Steel.**

"How is spring steel tempered? Give process."—W. G. S., Smithville, O.

Steel is generally first hardened by heating it to a cherry red, and then plunging it into cold water. Afterward, the temper is drawn by moderately heating the steel again. Different degrees of hardness are required for different purposes. For pen-knives, they are heated to 470 degrees—a dark straw yellow; for chisels for cutting iron, 490 degrees—a still darker yellow; axes and plane-irons, 500 degrees—a brown yellow; table-knives and watch-springs, 520 degrees—yellow, slightly tinged with purple.

**Teaching in Porto Rico.**

"I read in your paper of openings for American teachers and would appreciate any information you can give me. Would like a position of that kind in Porto Rico. I have not studied Spanish."—Teacher, Jasper, O.

Well, you are barred. How could you possibly teach children who know nothing but Spanish, unless you can speak, read and write that language? Inquiries should be addressed to the superintendent of common schools, San Juan, Porto Rico.

**At West Point.**

"At what age and at what time does West Point receive new cadets? Also what is the salary paid by the government?"—Z. M. B., Junction, O.

As soon as possible after March 4 of each year each Congressman whose district has a vacancy is notified. He appoints a cadet, who goes to West Point in August, and is examined. If he fails, another appointment is at once made. Appointments are as a rule made one year in advance. Appointees must be between 17 and 22. Cadets receive $540 a year, out of which they must board and clothe themselves, and pay all their other expenses.

**W. F. Cody.**

R. H., Cleveland, Okla.: William Frederick Cody was born in Scott county, Iowa, Feb. 26, 1845. When seven years old his father removed to Kansas, and was killed in the border war. When the pony express was established across the plains in 1860, young Cody became one of the riders. Early in the war he acted as scout and guide. In 1863 he enlisted in the 7th Kansas cavalry, and served through the war. In 1867, he made a contract to furnish buffalo meat to feed the laborers building the Kansas Pacific railway, and in 18 months killed 4,280 buffaloes, from which he got the name of "Buffalo Bill." He served later as scout and guide in several Indian troubles. In 1883 he organized his show, the "Wild West," and has been a showman since.

**Losses in Battle.**

"I note a question as to the greatest loss of life in any one day's battle in ancient or modern warfare, methods of warfare and weapons used. In reply to this I would say that the best I can give you on this subject is 2nd Chronicles, 13th chapter, where Abijah warred against Jeroboam. This is the heaviest killing of any one battle of which I find mention, and of weapons are not given."—R. C. M., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

It is but right to say that modern researches throw grave doubt upon those figures. To say that Israel lost 500,000 men on that day is believed to be utterly incorrect. It is doubted whether the Jews ever could muster a half million soldiers at any time.

**The Peace Treaty.**

E. M. G., Maple, Mich.: The peace protocol was signed at Washington on August 12, 1898.

The treaty of peace was signed at Paris on December 10, 1899.

The treaty was sent to the Senate, as required by the constitution, and ratified by that body on February 6, 1899—yeas 57, nays 27, absent and paired 6.

The first attack was made by the Filipinos on our forces on Saturday, Feb. 4, 1899, the second day before the ratification of the peace treaty.

**Rev. Charles Spurgeon.**

"Was the Rev. Charles Spurgeon an educated minister, and where educated?"—Lady, Pentwater, Mich.

Rev. Charles Haddon Spurgeon was born at Kelvedon, Essex, June 19, 1834. His father and grandfather were both preachers in the Independent denomination. At the age of 16 he became an usher in a school at Newmarket, and afterward at Cambridge university. We do not understand that he graduated at Cambridge, but he had at least a portion of an university education.

**Land in the Dakotas.**

"Please inform me how many acres of government land there are in North Dakota and South Dakota."—W. A. H., Mellboro, N. C.

We have no means of knowing. There is a large amount, but we can not get the figures. Write to the Register of the United States Land Office at Bismarck, Devil's Lake, Fargo, Grand Forks or Minot, North Dakota; or to the same official at Aberdeen, Chamberlain, Huron, Mitchell, Pierre, Rapid City or Watertown, South Dakota.

**To Drill Glass.**

"How can a hole be drilled through common window glass? Have tried molten lead process but failed."—F. E. L., Wausa, Neb.

Wet the drill with petroleum or benzine. It will then bore common glass nearly as fast as steel. If it is intended to bore through, the glass should first be countersunk on each side with a drill dressed off so as to form a very flat three-sided pyramid. Flint and plate glass are very difficult to bore.

**Colored Soldiers.**

A. H. C., Quinton, Va.: The reason your first letter was not answered was that no postoffice address accompanied it. Read Rules above. If there were few problems among the colored men, it was due to the brief term of service and consequent lack of opportunity. Colored men whose military records were good in the Spanish war have been appointed to the colored regiments of U. S. Volunteers now being raised. We know nothing of Lieut. Young.

**Formula Wanted.**

"Can you give me a recipe to hang paper so mice will not gnaw it? They get in my chamber and destroy the wall paper."—J. E. J., Kirk, Mich.

We submit the query to our readers. Can anything be mixed with the paste that will keep mice from eating it? It is the paste they are after, not the paper.

**No Addresses.**

W. L. K., Lairdsville, Pa., and F. L., Thawville, Ill., do not send their names as required by the rules. Initials don't go.

**Miscellaneous.**

F. M. W., Ithaca, Mich.: We never saw the book, and don't know its name.

C. R. D., Dufur, Ore.: There is no book of the kind published, so far as we are aware.

W. R. O., Bissell, Pa.: Please note the rules. You ask for business addresses, and a free advertisement of these schools.

C. S., St. Louis, Mich.: We published the "White Man's Burden" when it first came out, but have no copies of that issue left.

A. G., Steam Corner, Ind.: We were obliged long ago to decline to answer queries about the values of old coins. Correspond with some dealer.

S. W. W., Sugar Grove, Pa.: The poem inquired for was printed later in The Blade, with its history. It was not written by Sir Walter Raleigh, though often attributed to him.

J. H. B., Henry's X Roads, Tenn.: The last total eclipse of the sun visible in this section was in 1867, if we remember correctly. The next will be next year, and there will be none of any consequence for twenty years thereafter.

J. L., Woodsfield, O.: The only way to become a real detective is to join the police force of some city, and show, by your energy and talent, that you are worthy of promotion to the detective force. We don't know any money in joining so-called "detective agencies."

E. P. V., Baker City, Ore.: The old process of silvering mirrors is a slow one, and requires a skilled man to operate it. A mere recital of the process would not aid you. There is a new process, by chemical means, but we are not conversant with it.

## MISTOOK HER OBJECT.

The average drug clerk is proof against sudden excitement. But in one of the prominent down town drug stores one day last week a clerk had a sudden and serious fright that set him ahead about ten years.

A young woman, decidedly pretty and charmingly gowned, rushed into the store

THE CLERK TURNED PALE.

breathless, and in a great state of agitation. She called for a bottle of chloroform and wanted it quick.

The young man behind the counter turned pale, and declared with great firmness: "You can't have it."

"But I must," declared the young woman, "or my dress will be spoiled."

"Your dress?"

"Yes, my dress. While crossing the street just now a lot of mud was splashed onto my dress by some passing horses."

"Ah!" exclaimed the drug clerk, with a smile of relief. "That's different. I thought that, er—possibly you were tired of living, don't you know."

## LOST IN THE SAND.

**Many Precious Stones Have Been Dropped by Bathers.**

The recent loss by a Chicago woman of fashion of a valuable diamond carring upon the sands of Newport has led to reminiscences of other similar losses, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. It has been computed that over $2,000,000 worth of jewels are lost every season at American summer resorts. The greater part of these disappear at the seaside, and it is believed that a comparatively small part are actually stolen. At the various summer resort hotels at this time every bulletin board will be profusely placarded with notices offering all sorts of rewards for the finding or return of missing jewels. The last year's list of losses of jewels frequently amounted to $10,000 in a single instance.

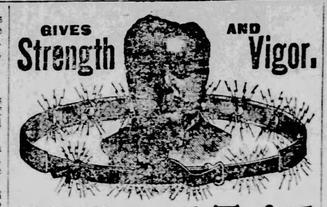
At some of the most fashionable resorts, such as Newport or Bar Harbor, the owners of very costly jewels frequently take the precaution of leaving the gems in some safe deposit vault in the city, and sending all the way to town for them every time they are needed. That so much more jewelry is lost on the beach in the summer than during the winter is due to the rather foolish display which is made of such valuables on hotel piazzas, the sands, and even in the promenades. Many fashionable resorts sometimes indulge in the caprice of appearing in the water wearing several thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. The chances of losing these trinkets while exercising or lying about on the beach are, of course, very great. The loss of jewelry in this way is constantly causing much unjust suspicion. A wealthy woman at Narragansett last summer reported that early this summer, when the lady herself on returning to the hotel found them under a loose board in the floor, where she had herself placed them a year ago for safe keeping and completely forgotten them.


**CATARRH CAN BE CURED.**

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable, and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority on all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.



GIVES Strength AND Vigor.



**30 Days' Trial**

The marvelous power exerted by my Electric Belt and Appliances, induces me to offer it to suffering men on 30 Days' Trial, so certain am I that it will cure and that you will gladly pay for the use of it. To men who have bilateral their stomachs with drugs I want them to exercise their judgement and consider that Electricity is the greatest power on earth. Its unseen current puts life and force into whatever it touches. The constant, steady life extended by my New Electric Appliances gives instant relief and never fails to cure Rheumatism, Backache, Kidney Troubles, Early Decay, Night Losses, Lack of Nerve Force and Vigor, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, Undevelopment and Lost Vitality. You may not have faith in it now but

**WEAR IT FOR 30 DAYS**

and you will then realize why I have such confidence in it as to send it to you **ON TRIAL**. Write to-day for illustrated Pamphlet with references and signed testimonials. Sent free in plain sealed envelope.

PROF. A CHRYSTAL, Inventor,
641 Postoffice Block, Marshall, Mich.


## The Farmstead.

**INFORMATION WANTED.**

**To Make a Silo.**

Mrs. F. M., Michigan:—The cheapest, most durable and simple in construction is the cylindrical stave silo. A silo of this kind 30 feet deep and 24 feet inside diameter will hold 271 tons. In calculating the quantity of silage, estimate that a 1000-pound cow will consume about 40 pounds, or a cubic foot of silage per day. It must be remembered that if the silo is filled with well matured corn, and then after the silage is settled, filled again, and this is repeated two or three times, we get only about three-fourths the maximum capacity of the silo in settled silage. The Virginia experiment station gives the construction of a cheap silo as follows: A circle 16 feet in diameter is marked on the ground, and covered with short pieces of plank. Four pieces of plank 16 feet long, 6 inches wide, and 2 inches thick, are then set on the circle, at equal intervals. These are held in an upright position by braces in various directions. An iron band is placed about one foot from the bottom of the silo, and held in position by nails driven into the plank and bent up and over the band. A second band is placed about one foot from the top.

The rest of the staves are then set in place, a nail being driven in each to support the bands. The latter are then tightened somewhat, and three more put on, the distance between the bands being about four feet. Instead of hoops or round irons ordinarily used, bands made as follows are recommended: Procure (as can easily be done) partially worn tire iron from heavy wagons. Get a smith to rivet, not weld, them together, so that two bands will go around the silo. Rivet to the ends of these bands short pieces of iron, one-half inch thick by two inches wide. Turn up three inches of this thick iron and punch three-fourth inch holes in the turned up portion. Have threads cut on bolts nearly the entire length, and place these bolts through the holes in the up-turned ends; put on the nuts and tighten the silo. These are stronger, cheaper and easier to work than the round bands and considered a great improvement over the latter. If the silo is built outside of the barn, some sort of roof is needed. A door should be made. The old-style way of making a hole in the ground for the silo is obsolete.

**Sow is Poor.**

D. B. S., Ohio: Your sow was no doubt sprained when she had her pigs. She is now suffering from a derangement that requires a course of medicine. Give her 1½ ozs. Epsom salts in bran slops. If she will not eat it in this way, it may be given by stirring the salt in half a pint of water. The sow must be laid on her back, and the salts given by means of an old boot-leg or bottle. Give her a teaspoonful each of tincture of gentian and ginger and 2 grains of quinine at a dose in water three times a day for a week. If her bowels do not work naturally give her bran slops once a day. She should have plenty of green food, such as potatoes, carrots, grass, etc., until she regains her health.

**Got Hurt on Barbed Wire.**

J. W. L., Indiana: If the sore that was made by the barbed wire fence on your horse has entirely healed take of soap liniment 6 ozs. iodine, ½ oz. Rub this well in over the lump twice a day. If the part begins to show soreness omit the iodine and liniment for a few days, then apply again. If the part is not entirely closed up, apply sulphate of zinc, 1 drachm; water, 1 quart, until it heals. Then begin with the iodine and soap liniment. It is not certain that the induration or lump can be dispersed, as it is so near the joint. However, if anything will do it the above will.

**Have Cough.**

D. O., Iowa: It would be difficult for the editor to say just what is the matter that causes the cough in your cows and calves. Do you feed your cows hay that is in any way musty? Is the water they drink perfectly pure? Your cattle may be affected with tuberculosis. The calves may have husk or hoose, which results from worms in the throat. For the cows, take of pine tar 3 parts; brown sugar, 2 parts, and common salt one part. Make up a sufficient quantity so that you can put two tablespoonfuls on the tongue of each cow twice a day for about five days. If the cough returns, repeat the remedy. Examine their nostrils. If they are dry put a little sweet oil in their nostrils with a small swab. If the calves are sucking get them away from the milk of the cow as soon as possible. If they cough and choke, look for worms in the throat. If they are troubled in this way give them one-half pint of lime water for three or four days in which is stirred one tablespoonful of turpentine. The lime water must not be made too strong.

**Old Horse Got Thin.**

T. L. A., West Virginia:—A horse 15 years old, as yours, is liable to dropsical swellings. The first thing to be done will be for you to examine his teeth. If they have grown long and sharp in some places, in a way to make them uneven, the short points must be filed off in order that he may masticate his food properly. A horse of his age should be given very little whole corn. Everything he eats should be ground, and no clover hay should be given him. Give him two tablespoonfuls of this in soft feed, night and morning. Tincture of iron, 1 oz.; tincture of gentan, 1 oz.; water to make 12 ozs. While giving this, if the bowels do not work naturally, feed him bran mashes until they are natural. One week after the above is given, put 1 oz. pulverized saltpetre in his drinking water once a day for three days. For the swollen sheath wash with castile soap and warm rain water. If there are sores, these must be touched with carbolic acid, 10 drops to 100 drops of water. Be careful not to cut the sheath with the finger nails. The animal should have gentle exercise every day.

**Swelling on Inside of Leg.**

N. H. L., Oklahoma Territory: Judging from your letter you have a bad case on your hands. If the lumps that commence well up under the body and extend to the knee are not large, but in groups, the indications are that your mare is developing farcy, which is the next thing to glanders. You should keep the mare, as a precaution, away from other animals. There is a chance of cure in the milder cases. The ulcers must be frequently washed with carbolic acid, 1 part; water, 40 parts. Be careful if you have any abrasions on the hands, and burn the rags used in washing. Give the mare every day for two weeks 1 oz. Fowler's solution of arsenic in a pint of water. Feed wholesome food. Do not allow the bedding to get into the stall of another animal.

**Received.**

From United States Department of Agriculture: Farmers' Bulletin No. 103, Experiment Station Work. Black leg in the United States and the distribution of vaccine by the Bureau of Animal Industry. By Victor A. Norgaard (Copenhagen), chief of Pathological Division, Bureau of Animal Industry. Experimental Exports of Butter, 1897. By Henry E. Alvord, C. E., chief of Dairy Division. From the University of Nebraska, Agricultural Experiment Station, Lincoln, Nebraska: The Fall Army Worm, or Grass Worm (Laphygma frugiperda, S. & A.). By W. D. Hunter, Assistant Entomologist.

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

**Remedy for Pink-Eye.**

Editor Blade Farmstead:—In the last issue of The Blade I noticed a remedy for pink-eye. In answer to the query of C. E. K., Illinois, I send a remedy which I have used in several cases with good results: Salt, ½ oz.; saltpetre, ½ oz.; sulphate of zinc, ½ oz.; loaf sugar, ½ oz.; water, 1 pint. To prepare for use fill a small vial one-fourth full of the solution; then fill with water and bathe the eyes three times a day.—Subscriber, Missouri.

**To Stop Horse From Pawing.**

Editor Blade Farmstead:—I see in Blade of September 28 Mrs. J. H. desires to know how to stop a horse from pawing. Get a common trace chain about two feet long; fasten it to the leg that he paws with just above the knee with a hame strap, and let the chain swing to the side of the leg. He will soon be glad to keep it still. S. G. Swettland, Chillicothe, Missouri.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**Successful Duck Farming.**

A somewhat novel business for a farmer of Western Massachusetts has been taken up by E. C. Billings, of Franklin county, Massachusetts, duck specialists not being numerous in that section, says The New England Homestead. About two years ago Mr. Billings began raising ducks on a small scale, but this year he has greatly enlarged his facilities, having put up a building 144 feet long by 44 feet wide, and about 20 feet high. This building is covered with tar paper. On both sides of the center aisle are steam pipes running the length of the building. These pipes are about a foot from the ground, and are connected with a boiler at one end of the building. These pipes are covered with boards and the young ducks run in and out from underneath at will. In this building are five incubators. The floor is of earth on which the ducks are permitted to eat at all times.

From the time the ducks are hatched until they are about two weeks old, they are fed every two hours on bran, middlings and meal. After that they are fed three times a day on bran, meal, middlings, etc., and at all times they have access to green food. Mr. Billings brings the water that the ducks drink from his house, as there is only a very small pond where the older ones bathe.

The eggs are sent to Boston for eating purposes. He also markets the ducks. After they have been killed the ducks are sold. They are thrown into ice water until they become firm, when they are packed in ice. Mr. Billings keeps about 500 ducks, all Pekins. He also keeps several geese. The building cost about $500. Mr. Billings thinks that a man should have about $2,000 to start in with. He intends to enlarge the venture next year.

**Paint for Tree Wounds.**

Every little while a formula for making a shellac wash for this purpose appears, and one would think, if he did not know otherwise, that this was the preparation most commonly used. I doubt if one person in a hundred who has occasion to use such a wash ever uses shellac, says N. S. Platt in Coleman's Rural World. It is troublesome to apply, and expensive to make. The shellac must be dissolved with alcohol, which costs too much for any such purpose, and in applying it with a brush the alcohol evaporates so quickly that the brush soon becomes like a stick.

# Recent Literature.

Readers desiring any further information whatever about these volumes will please address the publishers, whose address is given in every case, and not inquire of The Blade. We do not deal in books.

I do not know how it is with other people, but I confess to being intensely weary of cynical novels no matter how well written they may be, though some are more bearable than others.

In E. F. Benson's latest novel, Mammon & Co., we have a story of this sort, the characters being "ultra fashionable" Londoners, for the most part, with a sprinkling of the usual rich Americans, and one Australian who is the principal player in the game which is to make or

E. F. BENSON.

mar the lives of several people prominent in English aristocratic circles.

As a whole, however, the story is an advance upon his earlier work. Here and there he has developed strong, dramatic situations, and he manages always to hold the reader's attention.

Mammon & Co. is brought out in this country by D. Appleton & Company, New York.

Several stories from the pen of Richard Harding Davis have been published in a pretty volume by the Scribner's, with illustrations by H. C. Christy. The first story gives the title, which is The Lion and The Unicorn. This relates, in Mr. Davis's bright, spirited way, how a young American play-writer went to London to get his plays before the public through some complaisant manager who might be looking for something new. His rooms were in the house of a florist upon Jermyn street, who "had placed a lion and unicorn over his flower shop, just in front of the middle window on the first floor."

On the Fever Ship is a most pathetic narrative of a soldier, upon a transport going home, who believed himself a prisoner in his delirium. It is pathetic in the extreme, and hard to read without tears, even when the home was reached and he was still alive.

The remaining stories are The Man With the One Talent; The Vagrant, and The Last Ride Together.

A literary announcement of far more than the usual general interest is that just made by D. Appleton & Company of their Twentieth Century Text Books. They offer a complete and correlated series of text-books, numbering nearly one hundred volumes, fully embodying the latest advances in our education. The editors and the respective authors of these books have been chosen with reference to their qualifications for the special work assigned to them. The general editorial supervision of the series is in the hands of Dr. A. F. Nightingale, superintendent of High schools, Chicago, and Prof. Charles H. Thurber, of the University of Chicago, men thoroughly conversant with every phase of educational work. This really seems to be, as the publishers say, "an event worthy of the twentieth century, and a good omen for the educational welfare of the future."

In the series of Putnam's Heroes of the Reformation, two of which have already appeared, comes the life of Desiderius Erasmus by Professor Ephriam Emerton. The volume, it must be understood, does not attempt to give a complete biography of the man, but only to deal with him as a factor in the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century.

The materials for a work of this kind are very meagre and confused, but a very interesting volume is offered the reader. The story is divided into two parts. In the first is described the development of Erasmus up to the outbreak of the Lutheran Reformation in 1517; in the second is given his relation to the leading persons and ideas of the next twenty years. The author has endeavored to show by an examination of what he calls, because of its somewhat confused character, "the traditional story" of Erasmus' early education, in order to deduce the dominant traits of his mind and character. Selections are made from his writings which show some of his peculiar lines of thought and reasonings.

A most interesting volume will the student of history find this one to be, and a valuable addition to any library, being especially so because of the relation of the subject to that far-reaching change of thought named the Protestant Reformation.

A book has come to The Blade book table quite curious and interesting, with a strange mixture of religious orthodoxy and medical heterodoxy. It is entitled Cyclic Law, and its author is Dr. Thomas E. Reed, of Middletown, Ohio, who is also the publisher.

In his preface Dr. Reed tells how his attention was drawn to the subject. It was a quarter of a century ago when he heard a highly educated German professor lecture on the planets, and their influence in a general way upon births, deaths, disease, etc., showing, by a system of wooden blocks which he readjusted at the beginning of every month, the coming and going of the tides at that point of the globe. From observation he stated that births usually occurred at the time of the flow and death at the time of the ebb. From these hints Dr. Reed began his studies, some of the results of which he has briefly given in this little volume.

The Making of Zimri Bunker is a tale of Nantucket, by William J. Long, written for the Cozy Corner Series of L. C. Page and Company, Boston. The story is of the early days of Nantucket, in the beginning of the present century, when the seaport town had recovered from the loss and suffering of the Revolution. It was full of stir and activity and fleets of whalers went forth from the port, while a splendid line of packet ships, owned by Nantucket people, controlled the carrying trade between New York and London.

Among the many volumes which have been published about The War With Spain, the one recently appearing from the press of Harper & Bros., by Henry Cabot Lodge, bids fair to take the lead. It is calm, clear and dispassionate, while at the same time possessing force enough and sufficient dramatic power to make it a stirring narrative.

Senator Lodge shows that the struggle between the people who stand for civil and religious liberty an dthose who stand for bigotry and tyranny has been in reality a long one. The expulsion of Spain from the Americas and from the Philippines by the United States is a fitting ending to the movement in which this nation has been engaged for a century.

The first part of the volume, after the opening, discusses the entire Cuban question, together with our relations with Spain during the present century. Then follows the clear and comprehensive history of the war, such as a skilled historian like Mr. Lodge might be expected to write.

A small volume having as a foreword this sentence, "Dedicated to the sanctity of home, the purity and blessing of the husband and wife, and the well-being of their offspring, is one belonging to the Self and Sex series, brought out by the Vir Publishing company, of Philadelphia. It is entitled What a Young Husband Ought to Know, and it is written byp Sylvanus Stall, D. D., already known through his former books along the same line, leading to purity and usefulness. Those who have read What a Young Boy Ought to Know and What a Young Man Ought to Know, will readily understand that the present book has been written with equal care, delicacy and wisdom.

The author has brought plainly before the young husband a knowledge of many facts of which most young men are ignorant, and through this ignorance, are in danger of ruining the happiness of their own life and that of the young wife they have sworn to cherish. The sacred relations of married life are lifted by the author "out of the impure and vile thinking which have degraded manhood, debased and debauched womanhood and robbed marriage and home of the blessings and happiness which God intended."

In the American University series, brought out by L. C. Page & Co., Boston, comes the story of Yale, with a description of the campus, class rooms and athletics. The volume is prepared by Lewis Sheldon, Welch and Walter Camp, with an introduction by Samuel J. Elder, the latter compressing in the few lines of his fore-words a deep feeling of affection for Alma Mater that time has not extinguished, whatever other changes it may have wrought.

The frontispiece is a portrait of Timothy Dwight, whose name must be always one to conjure with by Yale students. Other illustrations are scattered throughout the volume, giving it a familiar atmosphere to those who have spent years among the scenes represented, and enlivening generally the six hundred pages of the text.

The Century Company announces for publication in October a new edition of "The Island," by Richard Whiteing, author of "No. 5 John Street." This story first appeared some ten years since, and was received with great cordiality by the press of England and America, but failed to attain the remarkable popularity of the book of which it was the forerunner. The new edition will contain two entirely new chapters, apropos of recent events in France. It has been revised throughout, and will be prefaced by a new introduction.

Everybody reads what F. Marion Crawford writes, and hence the new edition of The Ralstons brought out by The Macmillan Company will receive a cordial welcome. It is true that this story by no means equals many of Mr. Crawford's novels, but it is entertaining and the thinker will read some things between the lines which were but theories when written, but which later works show have become to him realities. It is a very neat edition.

The Carpetbagger, whose authors are Opie Read and Frank Pixley in collaboration, is issued to the public now in the form of a novel. The order of things has been reversed in this instance and a drama has been novelized. The Carpetbagger originally was written as a four-act comedy, and was performed for thirty weeks during last year's theatrical season. The authors received so many requests, they say, for the preservation of the story in permanent form that they were led to publish it as a novel. The name suggests the character of the story. It at least points out at once that the scene must have been in the south and the time that of the Reconstruction It does not claim to be history, but a true picture of the methods and corruptions of government of southern communities by aliens, and of the misfortunes thus multiplied to the people of the south who had already quite all that human life could bear. In a literary way the book is what might be expected—more marked by dramatic situations than by consistent development of characters or well sustained narrative. Published by Laird & Lee, Chicago.

Trooper 3809, by Lionel Decle, is issued by Charles Scribner's Sons, and is the book that has attracted so much attention in connection with the Dreyfus affair. It is the personal experience of a private soldier of the Third Republic, and a bitter experience it was. It is a repulsive picture of the insolence and cruelty of each petty officer toward the men just below him in rank and the hopelessness, the impossibility of getting past him to higher authority with wrongs that ought to be righted but never are. If the picture here given of the French army be anywhere near the truth one must wonder what such an army, with such a pervading spirit of official tyranny on one hand and outraged manhood throughout rank and file, could do, if called upon some day to repel again the invading German.

Rupert's Ambition is a story by Horatio Alger, Jr., about a boy's efforts in a great city to work his way to a respectable manhood, meanwhile caring for his mother and an invalid sister. He meets with a mixture of encouragement and discouragement, but through it all never loses heart or does unworthy actions. Boys may read the story and find pleas-


CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.



## A Letter to Mrs. Pinkham Brought Health to Mrs. Archambo.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 42,395]

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For two years I felt tired and so weak and dizzy that some days I could hardly go around the house. Backache and headache all the time and my food would not digest and had such pains in the womb and troubled with leucorrhœa and kidneys were affected.

"After birth of each child I grew weaker, and hearing so much of the good you had done, I wrote to you and have taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one box of Lozenges, one box of Liver Pills, one package of Sanative Wash, and today I am feeling as well as I ever did. When I get up in the morning I feel as fresh as I did when a girl and eat and sleep well and do all of my work. If ever I feel weak again shall know where to get my strength. I know your medicine cured me."—MRS. SALINA ARCHAMBO, CHARLEMONT, MASS.

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled; for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women a year. All women who suffer are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice, which will be promptly given without charge.


The third number of the Nature Study Readers, by John W. Troeger, appears under the title of Harold's Quest. The object of these little books has been stated before and it is well carried out.

In this number The Gladness of Nature, introduced by Bryant's beautiful poem, is shown through the habits described by the grasshopper, the cricket, the firefly, etc. Then the forest with its different kinds of trees follow, with Animal Life in the Forest, and so the story goes on in a bright, pleasant and attractive way that cannot fail to please the young folk, while giving them valuable information.

The Appletons publish the series.

**Books Received.**

From the Macmillan Co., New York:
Diomed. B y John Sergeant Wise. $2.50; and
Henry Worthington. Idealist. By Margaret Sherwood.
A Short View of Great Questions. By Orlando J. Smith. The Brandur Company, New York.
Dreams and Omens. Arranged by Madame Carlotta De Barsy. Laird & Lee, Chicago.
Christian Science and Other Superstitions. By J. M. Buekley. The Century Co. New York.
From D. Appleton & Company. New York:
Mammon & Co. By E. F. Benson. $1.50;
Harold's Quests. By John W. Troeger. 50 cts.;
The Story of the Living Machine. By H. W. Conn. 40 cts.; and
A Bitter Heritage. By John Blourdelle-Burton. 50 cts.
From Charles Scribner's Sons, New York:
The Lion and the Unicorn. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.25;
Won by the Sword. By G. A. Henty. $1.50;
A Roving Commission. By G. A. Henty. $1.50;
France and Italy. By Imbert De Saint Amand. $1.50; and
Sand and Cactus. By Wolcott Le Clear Beard. $1.50.
A Dash for a Throne. By Arthur W. Marchmont. New Amsterdam Book Company. New York. $1.25.
A Married Man. By Frances Aymar Mathews. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. $1.25.
From L. C. Page & Company:
The Queen's Service. By Horace Wyndham. $1.50;
Manders. By Elwyn Barron. $1.50;
In Guina Wilds. By James Radway. $1.25;
Drives and Puts. By Walter Camp & Lilian Brooks. $1.25; and
Pretty Michel. By Maurus Jokai. $1.50.
From R. F. Fenno & Company:
Honor of Thieves. By C. J. Cutliffe Hyne. $1.25;
The House in the Hills. By Florence Warden. $1.00; and
The Yellow Danger. By M. P. Shiel. $1.00.
From Drexel Biddle;
Strong as Death. By Guy de Maupassant;
La Strega. By Ouida;
In the Bivouac of Life. By Sarah P. Brooks.
The Heir of Sherburne. By Amanda A. Douglass. $1.50. Dodd, Mead & Compan. New York.
Under the Cactus Flag. By Nora Archibald Smith. $1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston.
From Harper & Brothers:
Kit Kennedy. By S. R. Crockett. $1.50;
He. She and They. By Albert Lee. $1.00; and
"Forward March!" By Kirk Munroe.

## HE CERTAINLY "WENT."

The football squad of a certain educational institution not far from Chicago lined up for practice the other day. These honored young collegians were being taught to fall on the ball.

Discipline in football practice, is, as is doubtless generally suspected, of an exceeding strict nature, and therefore after several falls had been made and the players were lined up for another, it was with considerable surprise that a voice from the line was heard announcing: "I don't think I'll go this time!"

It is true that the young man making this assertion was an only child, and one

JUST WHAT HAPPENED THERE.

who had been accustomed to having his own way, but he certainly did not understand the situation properly.

The captain looked at him queerly for a second or two.

"Come on," he said, mildly.

"No, I don't think I'll try it this time," the voice repeated, decisively.

Just what hapenned then, the rest of the squad will not say. They only smile when asked for further details, and in order not to seem rude to the questioner, usually add: "He certainly went."

This is doubtless true, for it would be far better to shake a red rag at a bull than to say to your superior officer on a football field: "No, I don't think I'll go this time."

**Where the Trouble Lay.**

Clancy—Oi see a Pennsylvania joodge siz a man has a roight to lick his wolfe!

Casey—Phwat dom nonsince! He hoz a roight to lick Jim Jeffries, too, if he can! —Puck.

**Not Yet.**

Globe-Trotter—Are you going to recuperate this summer?

Stay-at-Home—No. I shall wait until my family gets back, and then we'll see what there is left to recuperate on.—Boston Courier.


Her His Face

Her face was marred with freckles, his face was sore from shaving. Both were quickly cured with

Heiskell's Ointment

the specific for all skin diseases, slight or severe. 50 cents a box.

Heiskell's Soap

Keeps the skin soft, smooth and healthy. Price 25 cents. Sample free.

Johnston, Holloway & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

DAY AND NIGHT

while time endures, there is hourly need for knowing the correct time.

Ruby Jeweled Elgin Watches

have a lifetime of accurate service—the test of thirty-five years having gained for them the title of

"The World's Standard."

Sold by jewelers everywhere. An Elgin watch always has the word "Elgin" engraved on the works—fully guaranteed.

Send for new free booklet.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., Elgin, Ill.


## NEW USE FOR SHOT.

"Hilda," a Gross Park domestic, is a willing girl, but has very hazy ideas of the application of things, says the Chicago News.

She saw her mistress cleansing a bottle by means of a teaspoonful of shot placed

"I HAF SOME GREASE SPOT."

inside and shaken violently to and fro until the entire inner surface was beaten clean.

The next day Hilda came earnestly to her mistress with the request for some "shoot."

"I haf some grease spot on the kitchen floor," she said. "I can't scrub him off. I tank I vill use some of dose 'shoot' on him.

## SHE LOST A CENT.

To admit that the object of your search is only a penny will at times require a large amount of indifference to public opinion. And that is why a young north side woman kept still the other evening. She was in front of a North Clark street news store, when she dropped a 1-cent piece. She made a quite effort to find it, but in vain, then becoming vexed, declared she would find it if it took two hours to do it. A lady and gentleman coming along noticed that she was look-

SEARCHED FOR THE PENNY.

ing for something and without finding out what was lost joined in the search.

The spectacle of three people scanning the sidewalk eagerly caused others to stop and assist in the recovery of the lost property. Soon a crowd of forty or fifty people were there. By this time the young woman was so much embarrassed to admit to any one that she was looking for a penny.

A drunken man staggered through the crowd and wanted to know what had been lost. She told him a "valuable." In his muddled mind she had said "valuable diamond" and he so announced it to the crowd. The search was then taken up with renewed interest.

Suddenly, with a yell of triumph, a small boy held up the missing penny. Blushing as she never blushed before she suddenly declared that she would give up the search, allowing the boy to keep the penny, rather than declare that it was the cause of all the trouble. Then the disappointed crowd vanished into the night.

**This Will Interest Many.**

F. W. Parkhurst, the Boston publisher, says that if anyone afflicted with rheumatism in any form, or neuralgia, will send their address to him at Box 1,501, Boston, Mass., he will direct them to a perfect cure. He has nothing to sell or give, only tells you how he was cured. Hundreds have tested it with success.

## THE ELGIN MARBLES.

Attempts having been made from time to time, and even up to now, to discredit the action of Lord Elgin, the British ambassador to the Porte in 1799, in removing the sculptures of the Parthenon at Athens to the British museum, it is of interest to note that an official pronouncement is forthcoming from Bloomsbury which points out that the Parthenon marbles were suffering daily injury, and that there was no prospect of better care being taken of them, says the Birmingham Post. In the fifty years immediately before Lord Elgin four figures had entirely disappeared from the west pediment, and others had been much injured. The frieze was suffering in the same manner, and the Athenians of that day thought that they heard the sculptures that were removed groaning for the fate of those that were left behind. A further justification of his action is supplied by the additional deterioration which the sculptures that were left in position have suffered since Lord Elgin's time. Whether this pronouncement on the part of the British museum authorities will satisfy the advocates of restoration remains to be seen. It may lead to a revival of the controversy, but to the general public the official statement seems likely to carry

# The Sunday School.

LESSON III, OCTOBER 15, 1899.

**Esther Pleading for Her People.**

Esther 8:3-8, 15-17.

Read chaps. 8 to 10. Memory verses, 15-17.

Golden Text: Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.—Psa. 37.5.

3. And Esther spake yet again before the king, and fell down at his feet, and besought him with tears to put away the mischief of Haman the Agagite, and the device that he had devised against the Jews.

4. Then the king held out the golden sceptre toward Esther. So Esther arose, and stood before the king.

5. And said, If it please the king, and if I have found favor in his sight, and the thing seem right before the king, and I be pleasing in his eyes, let it be written to reverse the letters devised by Haman the son of Hammedatha the Agagite, which he wrote to destroy the Jews which are in all the king's provinces:

6. For how can I endure to see the evil that shall come unto my people? or how can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred?

7. Then the king Ahasuerus said unto Esther the queen and to Mordecai the Jew, Behold, I have given Esther the house of Haman, and him they have hanged upon the gallows, because he laid his hand upon the Jews.

8. Write ye also for the Jews, as it liketh you, in the king's name, and seal it with the king's seal: for the writing which is written in the king's name, and sealed with the king's ring, may no man reverse.

* * * * * * * * *

15. And Mordecai went out from the presence of the king in royal apparel of blue and white, and with a great crown of gold, and with a garment of fine linen and purple: and the city of Shushan rejoiced and was glad.

16. The Jews had light and gladness, and joy, and honor.

17. And in every province, and in every city, whithersoever the king's commandment and his decreee came, the Jews had joy and gladness, a feast and a good day. And many of the people of the land became Jews; for the fear of the Jews fell upon them.

**Illustrative Applications.**

And Esther spake yet again before the king (V. 3). Heed the lesson in that "yet again." Esther had already accomplished much, but she would do more. She would not cease in her beneficent ministry. Let that "yet again" keep sounding to you. Never be satisfied with what you have done or been. Press on. Let there be "yet again" for you in service. I have known many Christians for whom there was no more a "yet again." They were resting on what they had done; the Sunday school class was given up; the prayer meeting no longer saw or heard them; from any special duty they withdrew themselves, saying, "Somebody else can do it." I have never known such refusal of the "yet again," when I have not seen plainly evident the shrinking of the spiritual life. Cry "yet again" toward service up to the last breath. Let there be "yet again" for you in knowledge. Never cease learning. Have a good book in steady reading. Keep your eyes open and your ears. Mr. Gladstone was a marvelous instance of intellectual freshness even amid the shadows of age far lengthening. A great reason was, he was always crying "yet again" toward knowledge. Let there be "yet again" for you in Christian experience. There are immensities more of strength, love, joy, peace, than you have yet attained to. Let there be "yet again" in prayer. I heard Mr. Muller, of the Bristol Orphan houses, say that, while God had answered some of his prayers with large quickness, he had been praying 30 years for some things, and yet the answer tarried. But still he would keep on praying with undiminished faith in the promise-keeping God.

To put away the mischief of Haman the Agagite; Yet even the king could not altogether, much less could the now hanged Haman. When people climb Mt. Blanc, there is a place far up the mountain side where the guides forbid even a whisper, lest even such slight pulsation started in the air should strike against the awful fields of snow clinging but loosely to the smooth and sloping rock, and an avalanche be set going. There is no stopping the avalanche. And that man's evil or simply heedless whisper may pull down the avalanche, not on himself only, but on his companions too. Walk warily. Do not do the evil thing. Do not say the evil, slanderous word. Consequences follow. Once started, they are often irremediable.

Then the king held out to Esther the golden sceptre (v 4). It was a question with Esther whether the king would. Learn, by contrast, the infinite benignity of our heavenly king. There is no question about him. He always extends the golden sceptre. You may boldly come to the throne of grace. How often do you come? and concerning everything? That is your privilege. The heart of God is the true confessonal. How many times I have simply told God the whole troublesome matter, and found the burden strangely lightened, if not altogether lifted, and with fresh courage and rekindled hope, found myself able to set stronger hand to what I ought.

For how can I endure to see the evil that shall come unto my people? (v. 6) Behold a genuine patriotism. Though Esther was the king's favorite, inmate of a palace, certainly safe herself, whatever might betide, that was not enough for her. Her eyes were open to the danger threatening the poorest of her countrymen, her heart sympathetic for them, her hands active for them, the power of her high position mortgaged to them. That is true patriotism which dares and does for the common weal; that is false patriotism which selfishly secludes itself, and, though perhaps pitying, will neither do nor dare. Every one of us ought to be interested in what concerns our city, state, nation—so interested that we shall take active personal share in bringing in the better time. If you are simply a withdrawn sentimentalist, not caring to soil your sweet white hands in what you call dirty politics, you may be withdrawn sentimentalist, but you are not patriot. If politics are dirty, do your share in cleansing them, in God's name. That vile saloon on the corner—do not think you have nothing to do with it. You have, because it is blighting your fellows; their damage is your damage.

The Jews had gladness and joy, a feast and a good day (v. 17). That is a "good day" for us when, within ourselves or without ourselves, we have dethroned the wrong and crowned the right. When you have met and mastered the Haman of some temptation, and in his place have set the Mordecai of a triumphant righteousness, you have had real festival, you have dwelt in a "good day." Through God's helping grace, may we all have many such good days.—Wayland Hoyt, D. D., in Sunday School Times.

## MIRROR DEGEIVES YOU.

The reflection in the mirror does not portray our likeness with any attempt at accuracy, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. The hair is wrong in tore, the eyes are not correct in color and our complexions are hopelessly libeled by this specious household deceiver. It is certain that if the looking glass told the truth the sales of various complexion washes would greatly decrease, for any fair skin looks gray and pallid in a glass, and as a result many women ruin their complexions by trying to improve them because they look bad in the mirror.

You may be certain that however plain your face seems, it is not so plain as it appears in the telltale mirror. Secondly, you cannot assume your natural expression while peering in a looking glass. The eye must be in a certain position before you can see at all, and the eye, so far as expression is concerned, governs the face. The consequence is that you can see only one of your expressions in the glass, and that one of tentative examination.

**"A Heart as Sturdy as an Oak."**

But what about the blood which the heart must pump at the rate of 70 times a minute? If the heart is to be sturdy and the nerves strong this blood must be rich and pure. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes sturdy hearts because it makes good blood. It gives to men and women strength, confidence, courage and endurance.

HOOD'S PILLS are non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.


# NEW LIFE AND HOPE

## Is Found in a New Botanical Discovery — The Wonderful Kava-Kava Shrub.

**Sufferers from Disorders of the Kidneys and Bladder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Pain in the Back, Dropsy, etc., will Upon Request be Mailed A LARGE TRIAL CASE FREE.**

Rev. A. C. Darling, Minister of the Gospel, under date of May 20th, writes from his home at North Constantia, Oswego county, New York:

I have been troubled with kidney and kindred diseases for sixteen years, and tried all I could get without relief. Two and a half years ago I was taken with a severe attack of La Grippe, which turned to pneumonia. At that time my liver, Kidneys, Heart and Urinary Organs all combined in what to me seemed their last attack. My confidence in man and medicine had gone. My hope

had vanished, and all that was left me was a dreary life and certain death. At last I heard of Alkavis, and as a last resort I commenced taking it. At that time I was using the vessel as often as sixteen times in one night, without sleep or rest. In a short time to my astonishment, I could sleep all night as soundly as a baby, which I had not done in sixteen years before. What I know it has done for me I firmly believe it will do for all who will give Alkavis a fair trial. I most gladly recommend Alkavis to all.

Sincerely yours,
(Rev.) A. C. DARLING.

The venerable Mr. Joseph W. Whitten, of Wolfboro, N. H., at eighty-five years of age, also testifies to the powers of Alkavis in curing severe Kidney and Bladder Disorders, Dropsy and Rheumatism. Hundreds of others give similar testimony. Many ladies also join in testifying to the wonderful curative powers of Alkavis in Kidney and allied diseases and other troublesome afflictions peculiar to womanhood, which cannot with propriety be described here.

That you may judge of the value of this Great Discovery for yourself, we will send you one Large Case by mail Free, only asking that when you yourself you will recommend it to others. It is a Sure Specific Cure and can not fail. Address, The Church Kidney Cure Company, No. 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City.


## HOBO HIEROGLYPHICS

Have you ever seen a hobo, sauntering slowly along the street, usually about meal times, passing house after house, until finally he dives through a gate, circles round to a rear door and emerges in a short time either with a full stomach or a "hand-out?"

Doubtless you have wondered many times why he picked out this particular house, after passing so many. Is he possessed of some fine, innate sense by means of which he distinguishes a "good" from a "bad" house, or is it a matter of chance?

Neither, for if you have ever been honored by a visit from one of these gentlemen of leisure, the chances are your house is marked, and you may look for more such visits in the future.

The writer has come in contact with thousands of these wandering philosophers, but could never get a thorough insight into the "secrets of the profession," until one cold night in the winter of '97, a good supper and a warm bed, diplomatically given, proved to be a sufficient inducement to an "old timer" to expose some of the secret's of a hobo's freemasonry.

"You see," he said, "us old timers years ago found the need of some way by which when in a strange town, we could pick out a "good" from a doubtful house, and as necessity is the mother of invention, we originiated a few simple signs or symbols which, if you know where to find them, would quickly put you on to any point. The first symbol was the five point star, which also means "good for a sit-down." The same star inclosed in a square, means "good for meal and clothing, and if enclosed in a circle, it means good for some money." The index hand roughly made means "good for a hand-out." We naturally try to keep away from officers houses and are warned by the circle within the square. A clergyman's residence is marked by a cross and if he is "good" the cross is inclosed by a square. A night's lodging is sometimes a difficult thing to obtain in the country, and when we find a charitably disposed family we notify our brethren by a square inclosing a double X. These marks are generally put on the gate post, on the right hand side, where they can be quickly seen by the initiated. I know of one old philanthropist's gate post up

HOBO SYMBOLS

1—"Good for a sit-down." 2—"Good for meal and clothing." 3—"Good for some money." 3—(the hand)—"Good only for a hand-out." 4—"An officer's house." 5—"A clergyman who is 'no good.'" 6—"Good for night's lodging." 7—"A good town." 8—"Work-house—keep away."

near St. Paul that is literally covered with symbols.

Sometimes on entering a new town we are rather "leary" of officers and detectives, but are generally put on as to what to expect by signs along the railroad track on the outskirts of the town. For instance, the symbol representing a right angle means "good town," and a circle crossed horizontally by a straight line, means "work-house, keep away."

I have many times verified this statement of the old hobo, and know them to be absolutely correct, but, of course, these marks are used only by "professionals" who make bumming their life business.

Near almost every city of any size, hoboes have a regular camping ground, generally in a grove or wood on the edge of town, or under some bridge near the railroad track. Here are found a homogeneous mass of tin cans, coffee pots, frying pans, and a large kettle for "boiling up" their clothes. Here all the hoboes who happen to be in the town at the time congregate to cook their meals, generally each one for himself, although if one or two of the party happen to have had hard luck on their "bumming tour," the rest of the party frequently contribute something to make up the deficiency.—Detroit News Tribune.


**THAT JOYFUL FEELING**

With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old-time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well-informed. Buy the genuine. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.


**THE FIRST RED ROSE.**

An anxious lover held within his hand
A pure white rose, sent from his lady's bower,
From which he fain would read her secret thought
And thus he whispered to the fragrant flower:

"Tell me, sweet rose, and did my lady's lips
Press thy soft petals ere you came to me?
Then will I stoop to play the arrant thief.
As now I stoop to steal her kiss from thee."

Then at the touch of his impassioned lips
The white flower crimsoned like a blushing morn;
Hope woke within his anxious heart, and smiled,
And in that hour the first red rose was born.

# MOUND BUILDERS' ART

## CARVINGS ON ROCKS IN THE BED OF THE OHIO RIVER.

**Low Stage of Water Makes Visible a Number of Queer and Quaint Designs.**

More "picture writings" have been found, another link forged in the chain which connects the life and habits of the pre-historic American with the understanding of the learned savants of today. Professor Thomas Harper, Curator of the Historical Society of Western Pennsylvania, one of the best known archaeologists of the Middle States, has just made new and important discoveries of petro-

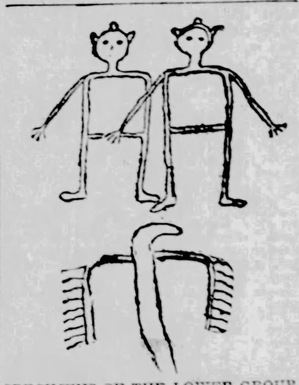
UPPER GROUP SAMPLES.

glyphs, the picture writing of the Indian tribes known as the mound builders.

Professor Harper's theory that the red Indians of North America are not responsible for these rock carvings is based on the well-known sympathy of the Indian, as we know him, to anything like the hard and patient work necessary to make the inscriptions on the sand rocks forming the beds of the Ohio and other streams, so deep and clear that they have withstood the attrition, caused by the onrushing waters of ten centuries. Marvels of skill, ingenuity and patience.

Prof. Harper and a party recently visited some points where these rude carvings are found. At a point opposite the pretty village of Georgetown, Pa., and about a mile and a half above the mouth of Little Beaver creek, the party was rewarded, for there, spread out along the bottom of the river, made bare by the low stage of water, was the cherished find.

Professor Harper fell upon his knees, and the work of the Aborigines, unmindful of the scorching sun, and carefully cleaned out the indentations which formed the outlines of the representation of the thunder bird, turtles, deer tracks, snakes and various reptiles. This work was more



SPECIMENS OF THE LOWER GROUP

enjoyable than food or drink to Professor Harper, and he was elated over his find, the result of which is now for the first time given to the world.

After cleaning and washing the rock the Professor secured his drawings by tracing on paper direct from the original glyphs.

The next day Professor Harper visited a point on the river about eight miles below the first find, and there discovered many more interesting specimens, some of which are shown in the illustrations accompanying this article. On this occasion, being understood by the inhabitants in their vicinity, they are held in superstitious regard.

It must be admitted that no key has been discovered that will explain the petroglyphs; nor has any such key been found which unlocks the petroglyphs of any other people, and while types can be classified, no interpreting laws of general application thus far appear. It is known, however, that picture writing in the weeks is so old among some of the North American tribes as to have acquired a nomenclature.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## KANSAS CORN.

Dickinson county farmers will have to harvest their corn on horseback, as only by such means can they reach the ears.

A STALK OVER 15 FEET HIGH FROM THE GILLETT RANCH.

ten feet from the ground in many instances. Hundreds of acres on the bottoms average fifteen to sixteen and one-half feet to the tops of the stalks. Ears thirteen to fifteen inches long are common.—Abilene Letter.

**In Boston.**

He—Ah! These eggs are just as I like them.

She—I thought they would please you, Browning, dear. I have had the water at 212 degrees Fahrenheit for two and one-half minutes.—Puck.


Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

The best remedy for Consumption. Cures Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping-cough. Small doses, quick, sure results.

MEN CURED FREE.

A most successful remedy has been found for sexual weakness, such as impotency, varicocele, shrunken organs, nervous debility, lost manhood, night emissions, premature discharge and all other results of self-abuse or excesses. It cures any case of the difficulty, never fails to restore the organs to full natural strength and vigor. The Doctor who made this wonderful discovery wants to let every man know about it. He will therefore send the receipt giving the various ingredients to be used so that all men can cure themselves at home, at small cost themselves. He sends the receipt free, and all the reader need do is to send his name and address to L. W. Knapp, M.D., 344 Hastings Building, Detroit, Mich., requesting the free receipt as reported in this paper. It is a generous offer, and all men ought to be glad to have such an opportunity.

PATENTS.

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## CIRCULATION LAST WEEK: 166,000


### THE BLADE'S SUCCESS.

Most, if not all, of our readers are interested in The Blade's prosperity, and no doubt, are pleased as we are at its gradual increase of circulation. We begin on August 1 of each year to take yearly subscriptions, and anticipate increasing our circulation a very little each month. August 1, of this year, The Blade had 159,000 subscribers, of which 1,225 expired during that month. During the month we took in 4,194 names—a very handsome increase. In the month of September just passed, 9,000 names expired, and we took in 9,518 names. Not a large increase, but enough to show that The Blade is well appreciated. In fact, this ratio of increase carried through until next June, is as much as we would ask for, and probably as much as we can well take care of. During the present month we have 10,850 subscriptions expiring, and we modestly hope for not more than 12,000 yearly names to fill the vacancy. Of course, most of the names we get each month are renewals. All we ask is the renewal of each and every name, and a few new ones.

Without doubt, The Toledo Weekly Blade has the largest number of regular subscribers of any weekly newspaper published in the United States. It is the only weekly newspaper published for national circulation, besides being the best paper for the general reader that this country has ever known. The proof is in The Blade now standing quite alone in the field, while scores of great weekly attempts have failed.

From time to time we make special and very liberal monthly offers to our subscribers, and these offers are quickly responded to by those who are fortunate to get the opportunity, but the principal reason for our large circulation rests in the value of the paper itself. It is better for the general reader than a daily newspaper, and in political times like the approaching Presidential campaign, The Blade is read by more people than any other political paper published. And the readers are of all parties, too.

We have just sent out by mail to the 10,850 subscribers who expire this month, one of the special liberal propositions hinted at above. It is so liberal that we limit the time to November 1, and every one must jump at it quickly, or it will be gone. We are sure all will renew, but we want just a few new subscribers besides. We want a few clubs of a hundred—not many—say a dozen or twenty. We should also have a few hundred small clubs of four to a dozen. Don't overdo it. Don't swamp us. The premium watches we offer for large clubs will be easily secured, as we do not get so many large clubs during a month as one would presume. Next week we shall announce the names of those who get the watches we offer for largest clubs sent us during September. Those of our October subscribers who have not by this time got our special offer, will please drop us a postal card, and we will mail them another.

### CAPT. OBERLIN M. CARTER.

The President has confirmed the sentence of Captain Carter, of the engineer corps, and he will be taken at once to Fort Leavenworth to serve out his sentence of five years at hard labor. The case is one of the most remarkable in the history of official peculation in the United States.

For fourteen years Captain Carter was in charge of the improvements on the Savannah River, and other navigable waters in Georgia and Florida. In that time the government spent nearly seven million dollars on river and harbor work there, of which half was spent on the Savannah River alone. When Captain Gillette succeeded Carter at Savannah, he informed himself, as a matter of course, as to the work done by his predecessor.

One day he went down the Savannah River to examine a retaining wall which, on Carter's maps, was shown as completed, and which had been paid for by the government. The wall was not there. It had never been built. Next Captain Gillette inspected some completed work, in which the government had paid thousands of dollars for brush and log mattresses, to prevent the cutting of the banks. There were no mattresses.

On every hand were instances, large and small, of corrupt collusion with contractors, and of fraud of all kinds. Captain Gillette at once demanded a board of survey to examine the work done, in order that he might be absolved from responsibility for any part of it. The board was appointed, and after a survey unanimously demanded a court-martial.

Carter's wealth, and his coterie of influential friends, enabled him to fight the case to the bitter end. The statute of limitations was pleaded, but though this was allowed there was plenty of fraud found within two years preceding the trial to establish his guilt, without going back of that date. Justice has finally triumphed, and Carter, dismissed in disgrace from the army, pays a heavy fine and will serve five years in a military prison at hard labor in expiation of his crime against the government.

In 1864 the Democrats declared the war a failure, and they are doing the same thing now. They were whipped then, and the dose will be repeated this year.

Mr. Bryan asks "What are the signs of the times?" and the Washington Post answers that they are mostly of the "Help Wanted" variety.

It seems to be a mania with Cousin George Dewey to sail into harbors before breakfast time.

### DEWEY NOT A CANDIDATE.

Should Admiral Dewey but say the word, the Eastern Democratic leaders would be glad to toss Bryan and free silver overboard and nominate the hero of Manila bay for the Presidency, with himself and his record for a platform. Immediately after the battle, enthusaistic Democrats claimed him for their party, and spoke of his nomination. Representative Sulzer, a Tammany Congressman, did so on the floor of the House.

But Dewey will not be the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. He will not allow himself to be considered for that nomination by either party. Henry Watterson, in a long editorial article in the Louisville Courier-Journal, frankly makes public some inside secrets of Democratic management, bearing upon this subject, which are stated in the following extract:

"In the early autumn of last year some Democrats of standing conceived the idea that in Dewey the Democratic party might find what the Whigs had found in Taylor and the Republicans in Grant.

"They took measures to ascertain how the land might lie, and, naturally, their first step in that direction was to consult Dewey himself.

"Not merely were letters of a confidential character sent—emanating from those who had the right to send them—but a confidential messenger went; and at least this Dewey movement died before it was born.

The Courier-Journal does not mind now telling that before it threw out the Dewey articles which occasioned so much comment at the time—at the cost of such a flood of detraction from those who can never see an idea until some one hits them on the head with it—giving many of its esteemed contemporaries a perhaps coveted opportunity alternately to ridicule and revile it—

"We knew that Dewey was a Republican;

"That he would not allow his name to be used;

"That he would not accept a Democratic nomination;

"And that he sincerely desired the nomination and re-election of Mr. McKinley.

"Otherwise, we should scarcely have been so free with our parts of speech. Otherwise, we should have exercised some of that kind of reticence which in th the case of a possible Presidential campaign the most ordinary sense of prudence would impose.

"We confess that, there being nothing to gain or lose, that is, nothing affecting any concerted movement one way or another, and nobody to hurt, we were curious to see how the Democrats would take counsels which, had they been as relevant and practicable as they were disinterested—and at that time it was not generally known whether they were or not—marked out for a divided party a sure way to the pooling of issues and the organization of victory."

Col. Watterson ends his plain-spoken talk with the following prediction of Democratic edfeat:

"There is just this difference with respect to Dewey between the Democrats and the Republicans. The Republicans can hold the great admiral as a reserve to draw from in case of need.

"If, next year, when the convention period has arrived, all is clear and safe before them, they will nominate McKinley by acclamation.

"But if the outlook be uncertain, they need not take the least risk with McKinley; for there is Dewey right to their hand, and—whatever his private disinclination and personal preferences—he could not refuse a nomination under such condition if tendered him. He would accept it, and nobody could beat him.

"In a word, it semes the old, old story over again. At the critical moment the Democrats, as Gen. Grant observed, may be relied on to perpetrate some folly; at the opportune moment the Republicans do the one thing needful, and so the legend of the starved and stumbling donkey seems in danger of perpetuation."

### THAT HAMILTON MEETING.

Taking the Democratic newspapers for authority, the Democratic meeting at Hamilton Saturday, was not a success. The crowd was not on hand, and there was a painful lack of enthusiasm. Hamilton is well situated for a Democratic gathering. It is in a rock-ribbed Democratic community, within an hour's ride of Cincinnati, and but a few minutes from Dayton.

The parade, which was expected to be a feature of the occasion, was a failure, not a Democratic paper placing the number in line at more than 2,000, including bands and the famous Duckworth club. Arrangements were made for speaking from several platforms but the crowd was so small that all the speeches were made from one stand. Even Mr. McLean's personal organ made no estimate of the number present.

The meeting was in marked contrast to the thousands which thronged the streets of Akron one week before, on the occasion of the Republican campaign opening.

The speeches made at Hamilton were not calculated to cheer. The orators had not heard of the marvelous prosperity which has come to the people of the state and nation. Fault-finding was the theme of the speeches. In spite of the favorable conditions in the business world, these Democratic orators could find nothing to commend. It was a negative meeting, and such gatherings cannot be successful this year. Calamity howling is not popular in Ohio, and the Hamilton meeting demonstrated that fact.

### THE ATTORNEY GENERAL'S LETTER

Governor Pingree rendered a service to truth and honesty when he addressed a letter to Attorney General Griggs, asking him for a copy of his official opinion to the effect that "under the constitution of the United States, Congress can not enact a law suppressing trusts."

The attorney general promptly informed the Michigan governor that he never rendered any opinion of the kind, either officially or unofficially. On the contrary, he points out that the Department of Justice has been engaged in bringing numerous suits under the Sherman act of 1890.

Mr. Griggs further calls attention to two decisions by the United States Supreme court, in which it is declared that the only jurisdiction the national government has over trusts or other combinations in restraint of trade is where the affect interstate trade or commerce. Under the constitution, Congress has no power to regulate or control business or commerce carried on wholly within the boundaries of a state.

Governor Pingree has thus brought out a fact which will end a vast deal of misrepresentation on this matter, especially concerning the attitude of Attorney General Griggs. The alleged "opinion" has been played up by the Democrats in Ohio as a campaign argument, and, if we mistake not, Bryan has quoted this falsehood in public addresses. No such opinion was rendered by the attorney general, nor by anybody else.

Down in Cincinnati, the offer is made of $150,000 to $100,000 that McLean will not be elected governor. The offer has no takers.

### GEORGE DEWEY, ADMIRAL.

Tremendous as was the ovation, elaborate as was the ceremonies to fittingly celebrate Admiral Dewey's return from the Asiatic station, they fall short of expressing what the patriotic heart of the nation feels.

The cable took to Hong Kong, in April, 1898, this brief command from the President: "Find the enemy's fleet and capture or destroy it." He was hampered by no directions, no restrictions. He was told the result to be attained. All else was left to his discretion and valor.

How he obeyed the order to the utmost the whole world knows. Sailing from Mirs Bay with his squadron, he sought the foe in alien waters, through mined channels, guarded by land batteries. He found him under the shadow of the fortifications at Cavite, sent the fleet in flames to the bottom of Manila Bay, and destroyed the fort which had been its reliance.

The world rang with applause over the boldness of the search and the swiftness and completeness of the victory. The name of Dewey at once took place high on the roll of the world's great sea conquerors. He gave to us a new possession; he carried the flag to the other side of the world, and raised it at Cavite as the symbol of freedom which his victory was to bring to the children of the isles.

All this, however, is but a part of Dewey's greatness. It simply proved him a fighter of the first class. The weary weeks of waiting at the end of the world, with an open enemy in front and secret foes around him and his vessels, proved him more than a conqueror. He showed himself a diplomat of the first water, a match for all. With a foreign fleet at hand superior to his own, and displaying its enmity on every possible occasion, he compelled all to respect his blockade of the port until the huge monitor came slowly up the bay, and he knew his fleet was capable of coping with any possible foe in these seas.

In those weary weeks of waiting until reinforcements reached him across the wide Pacific, he had to face a situation so complex that a weaker man, one less richly dowered in mental equipment, would have failed at some point. He had no land forces to settle the complications on shore, arising from the Spanish army in Manila and the insurrection against Spain fomented by Aguinaldo. The policy of the United States government with regard to the Philippines was inchoate. He represented the power and authority of the United States but his control ended with the shore-line of Manila Bay, and the strip of territory the guns of his fleet would command.

But this keen-faced Vermont Yankee was equal to the situation. With unyielding firmness, tempered with diplomatic tact, he held the situation well in hand, until an army large enough to begin active campaigning was landed, and the authority passed into the hands of its commander-in-chief. It was here the true greatness of Dewey shone out. We have other naval commanders who, under the same conditions, could have destroyed Montojo's fleet, but we know of none who could have handled the situation for the four months following, escaping all serious complications, as he did.

### WHAT DEWEY SAYS.

Admiral Dewey, in the interview he has given within 24 hours of reaching America, has knocked out a number of anti-expansionist falsehoods which have been industriously circulated by Democratic papers.

The first and most important of these is the statement attributed to him by the correspondent of the London Daily News at Trieste, that the Filipinos are capable of self-government. He declares emphatically that they are not. But in time they will be, he adds. There is no dissent among Republicans as to this latter proposition. Under the American flag, with freedom of which they never dreamed under Spanish rule, they will develop the qualities which will make them a self-governing people. The admiral further said:

Some of them, I doubt not, are now capable of administering affairs, but the great majority of them have the crudest ideas of an honest and efficient government. Their great fault is this: They don't know the meaning of the word "honesty." Of course, like all Malays who have had occasional advantages, they are wonderfully capable of imitative construction, and are admirable artisans when trained.

As to Aguinaldo, Admiral Dewey differs entirely from Lentz, Atkinson and other copperheads, who think him to be "the Washington of the Philippines." Dewey says bluntly: "Aguinaldo is nothing but a figurehead. He is only of average intelligence and ability. The brains are back of him. In Manila he is held at his true worth."

The admiral put an effectual stopper on the talk concerning himself as a Presidential candidate, and most emphatically expressed his confidence in the ability of the United States to settle the Philippine question. As to the eventual capitulation of the Filipinos, he remarked, with emphasis: "It's got to come; they can't stop it. They can't hold out against the army and navy."

He declined to discuss the Filipino question at length, on the ground that when he gets to Washington he will report on the matter, and, of course, can not anticipate that. But he has said enough to make it plain that he does not regard the Filipinos as fit for independence, that he has a poor opinion of Aguinaldo, and that he will not listen to the talk of running for the Presidency. What an enormous lot of Democratic campaign ammunition he has destroyed in one interview!

### BRITISH TRUSTS.

The London Economist gives a partial list of English trusts, enumerating 187 of the largest. As this is in free trade England, it puts Havemeyer, Bryan and others who have been declaring that "the tariff is the mother of trusts," in a quandary. How did these English trusts come into existence without a mother?

Of the list enumerated, 132 trusts are more than five years old. Among them are 16 iron and steel combinations, 17 textile fabric trusts, four paper combines and 12 railway rolling stock combinations. And the reports of dividends and the market quotations of their stocks, show they are flourishing.

Suppose we should comply with the Democratic plea to "take off the tariff and bust the trusts?" Would not the result be to turn our market in these lines over to the trusts in England? And how much relief would that give? The fact is, the trust question is one not to be fully solved by any legislation whatever. Were it not so complex a problem, it would have reached a solution ere this.

### M'LE/N ON TRUSTS.

Our country Democratic exchanges come this week with a supplement folded within. This supplement was presumably printed in the Cincinnati Enquirer office, as it is composed entirely of matter from the columns of that paper. One of the most conspicuous articles it set in double column, an ornate border around it, and the headline is, "McLean's Position on the Trusts." In it Mr. McLean says: "I know a city where there were eleven separate, distinct street railways." Then he tells how they were combined under one ownership, with but one set of officials. Then he asks:

What has become of the ten presidents, of the ten sets of officers, of the ten sets of workingmen? Where are they to find employment? The combine urges that the service is just as good, if not better—not to be wondered at. Competition has been weeded out, the whole affair under one head. They meet at a central point, take on and distribute their passengers without clashing with a rival organization. The salaries, the wages of the men dismissed form now a part of the earnings of the combine. That combine we know to-day as a trust. This is a practical illustration of what a trust can do and has done.

We beg to remind Mr. McLean that this consolidation worked no wrong to organized labor—which is the point at which he aimed. The consolidation saved the salaries of ten out of the eleven sets of officers, but it takes just as many workingmen to run the cars as it did before the consolidation. As many cars ran after that as there were before, and each one requires a motorman and a conductor. It takes just as many repair men, just as many men to help, as it did before.

The inference from Mr. McLean's remarks, given above, is that the combination of these eleven street railways was an infamous proceeding. Well, he ought to know. The city wherein it took place is Washington, his place of residence for fourteen years past. And if this combination is infamous and to be condemned, will Mr. McLean please tell the people of Ohio why he was so anxious to get into it himself no later than last spring?

He is the president of the Washington Gas Light company. He does not own a majority of the stock, but in addition to his holdings he controls enough to have himself elected to the presidency. He tried to have this company sold to the street railway combine, but failed. He was a member of the stockholders' committee, which advised the other stockholders to sell out to this trust, or octopus, which he now denounces. But he could not swing a majority of the stock in favor of the sale.

Washington city is lighted by the United States and the Potomac Electric companies, and by the Washington Gas Light company, of which Mr. McLean is president. The street railway combine absorbed the two electric companies. It tried to absorb the latter company, so as to obtain a monopoly of the lighting of the city, and Mr. McLean did all in his power to aid the deal.

Will Mr. McLean tell the people of Ohio why he favors combines in Washington, but takes the opposite course when he is in Ohio?

The reason the holders of a majority of the stock of the Washington Gas Light company refused to sell was that they have too good a thing themselves. The plant did not cost over a million dollars. It is capitalized at $2,500,000—a million and a half being water. The stock pays about 12 per cent per year on its watered capitalization of two and a half millions. The street railway combine offered $7,500,000 for it! Even at that capitalization, it would pay 4 per cent a year—good interest for a long-time investment these days.

Further along in the Enquirer article referred to, Mr. McLean suggests as his remedy for trusts and combines, that, after a public franchise had been enjoyed for an unspecified period of years, he would say:

Gentlemen, when your earnings reach an excess of a fair per cent, then the public must be a sharer in your profits. So much of an excess must go to the extinguishing of our municipal debt, if we have one, or to the maintenance of our parks or what manner most beneficial to the general public.

The Washington Gas Light company has enjoyed its franchise for many years. It is certainly time that Mr. McLean should put his proposition into practice with his own company. It earns now 12 per cent on its watered capitalization. Five per cent would be liberal and fair. By his own statement, the company ought to turn over $175,000 a year to the city of Washington—which would pay the municipal debt of $18,000,000 in about twelve years!

Or, better than that, why not reduce the rate to consumers? Mr. McLean's company charges $1.50 per thousand gross, with a rebate of 15 per cent for prompt payment, making the net rate $1.275. Here in Toledo the gas company has heavier proportional expenses than the Washington one. It charges $1.10 gross and 95 cents net for illuminating gas, and 95 cents gross or 70 net for fuel purposes.

The voters of Ohio fail to see why Mr. McLean advocates one thing in this state while he practices just the opposite in business at his home in Washington. Would it not be wise for him to interview himself in the Enquirer, and set forth his explanation of this divergence between his theory and his practice?

### THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

The war cloud in South Africa grows darker. To-day the volksraad of the Orange Free State has declared that in the event Great Britain goes to war with the Transvaal, that little republic will join the latter as an ally.

The formal resolution adopted by the volksraad is a very straightforward document. It declares that there is no cause for war, and that the brotherhood of blood between the burghers of the two republics requires that common cause shall be made against Great Britain.

The document declares that the Orange Free State will use every means to maintain and further peace and solve existing difficulties, "providing it can be done without violating the honor and independence of the Free State and of the Transvaal;" but if war is declared by Great Britain, it will be "against the whole white race" of these countries, and that common cause will therefore be made with the Boers.

England must now face two foes instead of one. The two Dutch republics will stand brothers in arms, and win the fight or both lose their independence, to be absorbed into the South African possessions of Great Britain. It is possible a peaceful solution may be reached, but this does not look much like it. The latest note of Great Britain opened the way for retreat to the Boers—a way to peace with honor.

### DEWEY ON OTIS.

Probably Admiral Dewey put his finger on the weak spot in the conduct of our campaign in the Philippines when he said:

One great trouble out there has been that Gen. Otis has tried to do too much. I told him so. He wants to be general governor, judge and everything else; to have hold of all the irons. No man can do this. This is the great trouble. It is enough for a man to do one thing, to be one thing; but when a man tries to do everything and to be everything, it is not hard to guess the result.

The duties of governor at Manila are of themselves arduous enough to task the full energies of any one man. Yet when General Otis assumes them and endeavors, in addition, to conduct a military campaign, he is assuming a burden too great for him or any one else.

There have been rumors from Washington of plans to put the active campaigning into other hands, leaving to General Otis the task of government. We have little doubt that something of the sort will be the outcome. Admiral Dewey will go to Washington on Monday, and he will confer with the President and Secretaries Root and Long, of the army and navy departments. What he will say will undoubtedly carry great weight. And he will recommend that the staggering load of duties now assumed by Otis shall be divided.

Washington rumor has it that General Miles is anxious to be placed in command of the active campaign. This may be done. But it would seem that more rapid headway could be made if the several simultaneous campaigns, which will be undertaken as speedily as the subsidence of the rainy season will permit, were put in charge of Generals Lawton, MacArthur, Hale and Wheeler. The first three have all been actively engaged, are acclimated, and have a grasp upon the situation which a new-comer could not possibly have. General Wheeler arrived at the beginning of the rainy season, and by the time active campaigning begins he will have the situation well in hand also.

Whatever solution may be reached of the problem of aiding Otis, it is certain that when the work begins in earnest the campaign will be short and sharp. There is but one thing to do, and that is to crush the insurrection. Aguinaldo once quelled, there will be no trouble in any of the other islands. And as soon as the Filipinos find that Americans are not Spaniards—that they are to enjoy a freedom never before theirs—all thought of insurrection will vanish.

## COMMENT OF THE WEEK.

**Spanish Cabinet Crisis.**

It is not clear whether we should deplore or rejoice over the Spanish cabinet crisis. If the event means a condemnation of the expenditures proposed by Polavieja, the minister of war, on fortifications, it will give satisfaction to all friends of Spain; if it means only a quarrel as to how money for this purpose shall be expended, then the inference is that Spanish statesmen have yet to master the most obvious lesson of the late contest with the United States. The trouble with Spain for three or four hundred years has been her excessive expenditures upon military enterprises of all kinds, and the consequent enslavement of her people. It was hoped that with the loss of the last remnants of her vast colonial empire and the cessation of the expenditures that they have involved, her statesmen would devote themselves to schemes of economy and good administration. As she had no more colonies to subdue or to defend and as no foreign power likely to attack her as long as she attended strictly to her own business, there was no occasion for the military burdens that kept her on the verge of bankruptcy and starvation. When Senor Silvela became premier, he announced a program that gave encouragement to the belief that she would not follow in the footsteps of her neighbors and emulate their feats in militarism. But hardly had the ink of his program got dry before there was talk about strengthening the army and navy, and building fortifications that would protect the country against foreign attack.

**Cotton Market Flurry.**

False cables on the Liverpool cotton market, or mistakes in transmitting the quotations on their arrival at New York, caused a wild panic on the Southern cotton exchanges on Friday. Business on the New Orleans exchange was suspended, and no more future transactions were allowed until Monday, the exchange declaring void all contracts based on the false reports. The advance in the Liverpool market, as reported by the Commercial News Bureau of the Western Union Telegraph company, was two and a half cents, and was repudiated by private cables from Liverpool. At Memphis it was decided that all spot cotton trades based on the false figures could be declared off if satisfactory to both parties. All over the South there was a rush to buy spot cotton, and heavy purchases were made at the false advance, which will result very disastrously for many buyers.

**Treasury Figures.**

The Treasury statements up to Saturday make a most satisfactory showing. The deficit for the current fiscal year—from July 1 last—has all been wiped out, and there is a surplus of nearly three and a quarter millions. This is the first time in several years that the operations of the Theasury have shown a current balance on the right side. Meanwhile, though the gold reserve has decreased a million and a quarter, the total cash balance has increased three millions and a half. The Democrats have no cause for fault-finding in the revenue figures.

**Not a Long Struggle.**

If war actually begins in South Africa, it will not last as many months as the question of peace or war has been discussed, nor will the disturbance to business and industry be any greater than has actually happened because of the worry and gabble over the prospective conflict. In the months of palaver it may be safely taken for granted that Great Britain has made ready, and that the campaign will be pushed from the start to the inevitable finish.

**Reed's Successor Not an "Anti."**

Hon. Amos L. Allen has been nominated by the Republicans of the First Maine district to succeed Speaker Reed, and a nomination there is equivalent to an election. He is not an anti-expansionist. He addressed the convention which nominated him, and announced himself a firm supporter of the Philippine policy of the administration. This is significant. The Republicans there desired to have their candidate on record on this question, as Speaker Reed's attitude has been interpreted to be antagonistic to expansion.

**Our Army in Cuba.**

The American army officers in charge of matters in Cuba have put civil affairs in excellent order. The revenues are collected and expended honestly—a most surprising thing to the Cubans. Havana, Santiago and other cities have been cleaned of the accumulated filth of centuries, and the death-rate has been greatly reduced thereby. Honesty, tact and common sense have brought about these changes, and there is a growing feeling among the men of affairs in the island that the withdrawal of American control will not be a good thing. However, the future of the island must be decided by the Cubans themselves.

**Troubles in Colombia.**

Venezuela is in the throes of a revolution, and now the United States of Colombia is reported on the verge of one. The trouble is, the existing central government has proved itself a spendthrift. The nation is practically bankrupt, and funds can no longer be raised for current expenses. All the sources of revenue have been fully exploited, and now the alternative is repudiation or economy. The Bagota government abhors the latter, and will try repudiation in the province of Panama first. If it works there, it will be extended to the fast accumulating arrears in the other provincial administrations. The difficulty in the Spanish-American countries seems to be a lack of business morals. Revolution is looked for, but it will probably merely replace one set of thieves by another.

**Those Tennessee Volunteers.**

Edward Akinson probably had a fit whn he heard of the reprehensible conduct of the Tennessee boys at Cebu. They were on a transport, ready for the homeward voyage, but when they found that an attack was to be made upon the Filipino forts a few miles from the harbor, they could not forbear to take a hand in the muss, and promptly disembarked to give the Tagals another whirl. All honor to the brave and loyal Tennesseeans!

**A. D. 901-1901.**

On October 27, 1901, the people of England will celebrate the one-thousandth anniversary of the death of Alfred the Great. A heroic statue of the king will be erected at Winchester, and a museum of early English history as well; and their dedication on that day will be made the occasion of a civic and military celebration of the first class. We, who have a just pride in but little more than a century's experience as an independent people, can appreciate the feelings of Englishmen as they celebrate the passing of a thousand years of existence as a nation.

**McLean's Ulterior Purpose.**

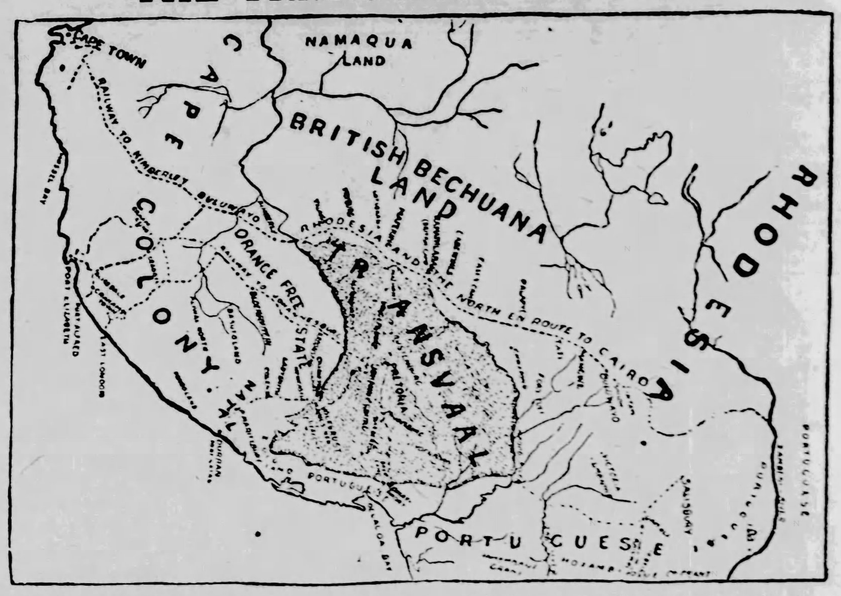
The New York Sun prints a dispatch from its correspondent at Cleveland, which is a corroboration of what The Blade has declared to be the design of John R. McLean in seeking the Democratic nomination for governor. It says:

"John R. McLean made a remark here that is taken by political leaders to mean that the secret of his running for governor this year is to get in line for a place on the Democratic national ticket next year. If he wins in Ohio he will try for the presidential nomination; if defeated he will point to his vote, which, even political enemies admit, will be larger than the normal Democratic vote, and contend that because he cut down the Republican vote in McKinley's state he is the most available man for candidate for vice president."

**Dewey on Otis.**

The New York Journal has been carrying on a "yellow" crusade against Otis, seeking in every way to blacken his character and make it appear that he is not only incompetent but dishonest. Mr. Hearst, the Journal's owner, himself turned reporter and interviewed Admiral Dewey on the commander at Manila, with this result: "I believe Otis to be a man of the strictest integrity," said the admiral. "In the inter-island trade which he permits there is every opportunity for dishonesty, but I never heard the slightest whisper against his name. I think Otis makes some mistakes. I think he tries to do too much work himself."

## THE TRANSVAAL TROUBLE.




History has been made with great rapidity in South Africa. The key to the story of the day is the Cape colony. But a few years ago the Cape of Good Hope was a sailor's landmark upon the voyage east and west. Then it became the scene of a Dutch settlement of no great size or prosperity, not yet of great importance to the people of the Netherlands. Its want of importance, in fact, was shown by its cession to Great Britain, for a price, at the beginning of the present century. To Great Britain, with her dominion of India, the Cape was, and notwithstanding the construction of the Suez canal, it remains a possession of the utmost strategical importance; while the colony, together with its younger neighbor, Natal, and those territories which chartered companies have brought under British protection, afforded a field for the enterprise and the industry of large bodies of the surplus population of the mother country.

The early Dutch settlers, whose pursuits were almost wholly agricultural, dwelt for a time side by side with the British newcomers and enjoyed with them that liberty and equality of privilege which they now withheld from the Uitlander. But the instincts of the Boer were shy and conservative. There were circumstances he did not like in the administration of Cape Colony, and above all he cried out for elbow room. In 1833 a few of these Boer farmers shouldered their guns, and, embarking their wives and children on ox wagons, went northward, fighting bravely against the stalwart Kaffirs.

The emigration went on rapidly for a number of years, and its ultimate result was the formation of the Republics of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. Natal was one of the original districts claimed by the Boers, and the circumstances under which it was proclaimed a British colony caused no little bitterness on the part of the Boers towards the English, as also the endeavors which were made to assert British sovereignty over the Orange river and Transvaal territories. Eventually the independence of the Boers beyond the Vaal was recognized by the English government in 1852, a similar convention being made respecting the Orange river territory two years later. These conventions appeared at the time to set bounds to British rule and British influence in South Africa. The coast line was to be British, as well as the land as far as the Orange river. The great dreary plateau of the interior, with its mineral wealth, at that time all unknown, was left to the Dutchman.

The circumstances just described bring events up to 45 years ago. The Dutch, admirable farmers and brave fighters as they were, were poor politicians. As a state, the Transvaal republic was a failure. The people not only showed no tact in their dealings with the natives, but exhibited a cruelty towards them which led to appeals from native chiefs to the British representatives. In 1876 the Transvaal republic was in a bankrupt condition. It was unable to effectually repel its colored enemies, and a large proportion of the inhabitants, particularly European settlers who had been attracted to the Leydenburg gold fields, urged the British government to take over the control. April 12, 1877, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, acting under the powers as queen's commissioner, issued a proclamation at Pretoria, declaring that the Transvaal republic had become British territory, but stating that it would still enjoy its separate government with its own laws and legislature. The then president, burgers and his executive council protested, and sent their vice-president, Paul Kruger, and their attorney general to lay before Lord Carnarvon their plea for continued independence. The deputation was courteously received, but Lord Carnarvon supported the action of the queen's representative.

It would have been better for England had the position of 1877 been maintained, but the British public had a very limited knowledge of African conditions.

The English Liberals were impressed more by the independent spirit of the burghers and with a certain sympathy for their Puritan simplicity of life than by an appreciation of the imperial policy to be carried out by the British nation. Accordingly, when Mr. Gladstone's government came into power in April, 1880, the Boers, dissatisfied, probably not without reason, at the delay in giving them their new constitution, and its unsatisfactory character when given, held mass meetings and, headed by Krueger, Pretorius and Joubert, reproclaimed the republic. The English forces in South Africa were ill-prepared for the conflict that ensued, and were described by the defeats at Laing's Nek and Majuba Hill and by the death of General Colley. These reverses were far from irretrievable, but the government of the day gave in to the rebellion and Sir Evelyn Wood was instructed to practically undo all that had been done by Sir Theophilus Shepstone. The government, of which Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was a member, pursuing what they regarded as a magnanimous policy, obtained from President Krueger the assurance that "all strangers have now, and will always have, equal rights and privileges with the burghers of the Transvaal."

At that time the non-Dutch population was but a minority, and, although its gold discoveries had commenced, President Krueger had little idea of the development that immediately followed. The maps of 1880 show no such town as Johannesburg; in fact, in 1886 it was a mere township, composed of a few diggers' tents, with a population of 200 or 300 souls, white and colored. At year later it possessed from 15,000 to 20,000 inhabitants, and had further grown in 1896 to a city of nearly 103,000. The Boers were glad enough of the revenues derivable from the influx and the industry of the new population, but they had not the wisdom to make friends with them nor the good faith to adhere to the promise of equal rights given when the independence of their so-called "republic" was restored. The foreigners and Uitlanders were allowed to contribute seven-ninths of the revenue of the country, but they were refused political rights or any control over their expenditure, while they were harassed in ways which rendered their position intolerable and led to their seeking that British intervention without which their cause seemed hopeless. Side by side with these events the British dominion in South Africa has extended with rapid strides over the territories lying westward and northward of the Transvaal, and measuring many thousand square miles in extent. In the working out of her manifest destiny Great Britain has come to occupy a position in South Africa in which she is in duty bound to assert her paramountcy or else retreat from her position. The Transvaal or South African republic would be allowed to govern itself if it acknowledged English supremacy and dictation, but it refuses to do so, hence must fall a victim to its blindness to the inevitable. There are certain elements of justice and right on both sides of the Dutch side of the question, but these do not count in the sway of empire.

The complaints made by the foreigner are that he is not allowed to become a voting citizen though in a majority and owning the most valuable property, that he is taxed heavier than need be and more than a citizen, that the most necessary article in mining, dynamite, is a government monopoly, outrageously handled, and that railroad freight rates are ruinously and unnecessarily high. President Krueger is wily. He and his friends have postponed the day of settling by all manner of shift until now when he is face to face with the ultimatum from England which demands a readjustment of the matters under discussion. If these things alone constituted the real cause of the dispute the Orange Free State would not be involved, but the fact of their existence is that it is Dutchman against Englishman is shown by the prompt alliance between these two Dutch states against English domination.

## THE MAUSER PISTOLS.

**AT FIVE HUNDRED YARDS IS AS ACCURATE AS MOST RIFLES.**

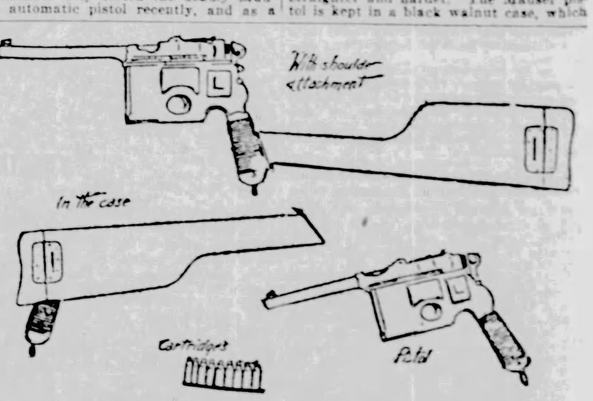
**Modern Weapon Was Tested by Experts—A Human Cadaver as a Target—Effect of the Bullet.**

It was scientific, but it was gruesome and even repulsive to some who had the courage to see it through. One day it may save or sacrifice hundreds of lives, just as the case may be. Men must die that men may live, and so a few hundred bullets in the anatomy of a man long past the knowing in order to determine what effect similar bullets would have on a man who knows is all right in the interest of surgical and military science. Some of the best known doctors of Kansas City tested the deadly Mauser automatic pistol recently, and as a target a cadaver was used. At ranges from 50 yards up to 500 yards it was proved that the Mauser pistol is the most effective and deadly weapon of its kind ever invented, and that up to the maximum range tried it is practically as good in the hands of marksmen as a Krag-Jorgensen, a Lee or Mauser rifle. When nothing but flesh resists the passage of the bullet, it makes a small round incision where it enters and a knife-like cut where it departs. If bone is in the way, it is often shattered into fragments.

The test was made for the United States government, and the effect of the bullets on human tissue and bone will be reported with photographs to the war department. The pistol with a shoulder attachment shoots accurately, and will kill at a range of 500 yards. Bullets passed completely through the cadaver at that range. The pistol has been adopted by the German government for its cavalry.

The pistol fires ten shots without reloading, and can be emptied with accuracy of aim in less than three seconds. The cartridges are 30 caliber, and are propelled by smokeless nitro powder. The bullets weigh 85 grains each, and have a lead core surrounded by a nickel-plated copper jacket. The cartridges to the number of ten are held in a row or tin clip, and may be placed in the magazine of the pistol quickly. When the trigger is pulled the recoil from the explosion with one motion throws out the empty shell, cocks the hammer again and forces another cartridge from the magazine into the barrel.

Although the pistol was used hundreds of times, it got out of order only once, and then only for a moment. A cartridge choked in the barrel, but was easily forced into place. The recoil throws the empty shell at least three feet up into the air. The pistol is a unique and perfect piece of mechanism. Its basic principle is the use of the force of the recoil to reload and re-cock it. It is no longer and not so heavy as an ordinary Colt's revolver, and shoots further, straighter and harder. The Mauser pistol is kept in a black walnut case, which




THE MAUSER 30-CALIBRE PISTOL

## COULDN'T SEE THE JOKE.

There is an old Italian whose sense of humor is not highly developed who peddles fruit through some of the office buildings.

Saturday he entered one of the offices as usual and a clerk decided to have a joke at the expense of the old man. This clerk had been preparing to eat an apple he had brought down with him and, as the fruit-seller entered, he concealed it by turning the palm of his hand downward.

As the victim approached he suddenly reached out and seemed to snatch from the basket an apple, which he began to eat, remarking that it was very good.

The old man thought that the clerk had stolen one of his apples and indignantly demanded the price of it. The clerk steadily refused until the peddler, wrought to a high pitch of excitement, snatched a huge pair of scissors from a desk and, with a dangerous glitter in his eyes, again demanded his money. Then the joker's ardor cooled and he attempted to explain, but the peddler was inexorable, and at length, to save himself from bodily injury, the facetious clerk had to pay.

THE PEDDLER WAS INEXORABLE.

# MANLY VIGOR

RESTORED DURING SLEEP.

If you are suffering from the effects of Lost Manhood, Varicocele, Errors of Youth, Rheumatism, Kidney or Stomach Troubles, or any private ailments, don't delay, but write us at once. We can cure you, and guarantee to do so. We are especially anxious to treat men who have tried all kinds of quack medicine and who feel convinced that there is no cure. To those we can only say: Try us after you are through being robbed by "fake" doctors and patent medicine men, and WE WILL CURE YOU.

ELECTRICITY IS NATURE'S OWN REMEDY AND IS LIFE ITSELF.

AND WILL THEREFORE GIVE LIFE AND VIGOR TO ALL WEAK PARTS.

Our ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND BOOK FOR WEAK MEN, which explains all about the above ailments and the terrible effects of Youthful Errors, Excesses, etc., and how they can be cured at home without detention from business, mailed FREE TO ANY ADDRESS. Stop using poisonous drugs, which only aggravate your ailments. Try our Electric Belt. It will cure you while you sleep. You put it on when you go to bed and your sleep will be sound and refreshing, and you will wake up with new life and vigor in the weakened organs. Continue this a few weeks and you will be sound and well.

DON'T BE DECEIVED, there are many "fake" Belts on the market, high in price and cheap in quality. The old and reliable Dr. Owen Electric Belt is guaranteed to be worth three of any other make, and we will prove this to you by comparison at any time. Advice and full particulars free. Write to-day.

**Read the Words of Praise of Mr. O. A. Ishmael, of Windsor, Mo., Whom Our Belt Cured of Lost Manhood, Kidney and Bladder Troubles.**

WINDSOR, MO., April 5, 1898.

The Owen Electric Belt Co., St. Louis, Mo.:

Gentlemen—I used one of your No. 4 Belts for gentlemen for lost manhood and organic weakness, and can truthfully testify that it cured me. I was also troubled with kidney and bladder affections and they likewise have been cured. I had worn the belt but a short time when I felt improvement and soon after the above results followed. I can not say too much in commendation of the belt, and do heartily recommend every sufferer to give it a trial and be blessed in the test. It certainly is the grandest invention of the century.

I am most gratefully yours,

O. A. ISHMAEL.

Below is an exact representation of our famous No. 4 Gents' Belt, with double power Electric Suspensory, which has cured more ailments than all the medicines on earth combined.

Persons making inquiries from the writings are requested to inclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for prompt reply.

When writing for catalogue give full and complete description of your ailment.

DR. A. OWEN ELECTRIC BELT CO., 524 PINE ST., St. Louis, Mo.


# DEWEY AT WASHINGTON.

PRESENTATION OF THE SWORD VOTED HIM BY CONGRESS.

**Unbounded Enthusiasm of the Welcome to the Admiral by the People at His Future Home.**

Washington, Oct. 3.—The home coming of Admiral George Dewey (henceforth the national capital is to be his home) was made the occasion last evening for the greatest tribute ever paid by Washington to any individual. After the preliminary welcome in New York, itself unsurpassed in its kind, it remained for the highest and greatest in the official world to hold out the hand of greeting to the famous admiral, and to join with the people who are to be his fellow-citizens in bidding him welcome. The citizens had made every preparation to make the occasion worthy of their hero. The decorations were elaborate. Pennsylvania avenue was one mass of colored bunting along the entire line of march from the station to the White House, and, not content with this, few private citizens failed to make some display of color on their residences. Unique designs in fairy lamps dotted the horizon; great searchlights threw broad beams of bright light across the blue sky of a clear October evening, and the stately capitol stood revealed in all its queenly beauty in the powerful rays of many concentrated lights.

It was said by the railroad officials and trainmen that the ovation during the run from New York to Washington was the most remarkable demonstration that has ever taken place along the line. Every town turned out its full population, and every house and cross roads settlement was turned inside out to see the admiring special pass.

The train as it reached the line of the District of Columbia stopped for a few minutes at the little station of Deanwood, while the reception committee went through the formality of presenting the nation's guest the freedom of the district. The ceremony was performed by District Commissioner Wight in the presence of the admiral's fleet captains, the military and naval members of the party, and as many of the reception committee as could be crowded into the admiral's car.

John Addison Porter, secretary to the President, first extended President McKinley's greetings, to which the admiral returned his thanks very briefly.

In a few minutes the train was in the brilliantly lighted depot. The middle aisles of the station had been carpeted clear to the carriage entrance. The committeemen and the "fighting line," as the brilliantly uniformed officers were termed, all alighted while W. H. Moses, the chairman of the reception committee, Theodore Noyes, of the Washington Star, Commissioner Ross, and Archibald Greenlees went into the admiral's car, and after a few words of formal greeting, brought him out. Taking the arm of Mr. Moses, the admiral headed the procession down the station, while the officers and committeemen fell in at the rear. It was a procession as brilliant as a diplomatic reception.

The throng about the railway station choked the streets for blocks about.

Troop M, of the Third United States cavalry, under the command of Lieut. Merillat, which was to escort the admiral to the executive mansion, had drawn upon the east side of Sixth street facing the station entrance, and the United States Marine band had formed on their right. The first of the party to leave the station were the committee of citizens and army and navy officials, who had gone to New York to meet the famous admiral and escort him to Washington. They were quickly followed by the admiral himself, and when he appeared to take his seat in the carriage the crowd went almost wild with excitement.

As the admiral's carriage swung around the treasury toward the White House a brilliant spectacle was spread out before him. To the right, Lafayette Square was ablaze with electric lights, the great trees and flower beds sparkling with many hued lights, while in the midst shone out in huge electric letters: "Welcome Admiral."

The navy department beyond was ablaze with lights, as were the White House grounds. A mighty roar went up from the crowd as the admiral alighted at the portico of the executive mansion.

As he stepped from the carriage, Col. Bingham, representing the President, stepped forward to escort him to the East Room, where Secretary Long, Assistant Secretary Allen and a brilliant assemblage of naval officials were ready to extend to him the greeting of the navy. Secretary Long was at the door, and as the admiral entered, the secretary grasped his hand and with enthusiasm said:

"Admiral, I welcome you home. This is the navy department for the moment, and your associates of the navy are assembled here to give you a hearty greeting."

"Thank you, thank you," responded Admiral Dewey, first exchanging a few words of greeting with the secretary and then with Mr. Allen and the other officials. These included Rear Admirals Crowninshield, O'Neil, Melville, Reypen, Ilichborn, Bradford, Sampson, Major General Miles, Adj. Gen. Corbin, Gen. Haywood, commanding the marine corps; Capt. Lemly, judge advocate of the navy, and many others. There was little need of introduction, as Admiral Dewey had served alongside most of these officials. There was no formality, and after the first greetings, Secretary Long invited the admiral to accompany him to the President's library, where Mr. McKinley and the members of the cabinet were awaiting him.

Arm in arm, Secretary Long and the admiral proceeded by the elevator to the upper floor of the mansion. The members of the cabinet had assembled in the cabinet room, while the President was alone in the library adjoining. As Secretary Long entered with the admiral, the President came forward to greet the famous sailor, and grasping his hand wished him a hearty welcome.

The admiral acknowledged the cordial sentiments expressed by the President, and then asked as to the health of Mrs. McKinley, saying he had heard with great regret that she had not been well. In reply the President suggested that the admiral meet Mrs. McKinley. They stepped out to the corridor, which Mrs. McKinley makes a sitting room, and here found her with some of her lady friends. The admiral was presented, and received from Mrs. McKinley as well as the President, a most hearty welcome home.

Returning to the library, the President invited his cabinet associates to meet the admiral. Secretary Hay headed the party, followed by Secretary Hitchcock, Postmaster General Smith, Attorney General Griggs, Secretary Root and Secretary Wilson. Former Secretary Morton was also present, having been requested by the President to join the party, and was among those to meet the admiral. The greetings with the cabinet were brief, and then the President and Admiral Dewey headed the party toward the reviewing stand.

The stand had been erected at the head of Pennsylvania avenue just south of the treasury department building, and as he moved through the stand to the prow built out from its front, leaning on the arm of President McKinley, the crowd started a mighty cheer which passed down the avenue and was taken up for blocks. The admiral frequently bowed his acknowledgements. The President and Admiral Dewey were joined at the front of the stand by Secretaries Hay, Root, Hitchcock and Wilson and Postmaster General Smith, officers of the Olympia and other naval officials. As the cheering at length died away the admiral turned to Mr. McKinley and the two seating themselves entered into conversation while awaiting the arrival of the procession.

The head of the civic parade, which had been arranged in honor of the admiral, began to pass in review before him shortly after 8 o'clock. There were many novel and interesting features relieving the sameness of the ordinary civic parade. The spectacle as the marchers came up length of the avenue in the glare of the red lights, under sweeping arches of stars from thousands of roman candles, was beautiful and impressive. The beginning of the march was heralded by the bursting of thousands of giant crackers, while bombs along the line sent showers of fire into the air.

## SWORD PRESENTATION.

**Magnificent Scene at the East Front of the Capitol.**

Washington, Oct. 3.—The magnificent sword awarded by act of congress to the nation's hero was to-day bestowed upon Admiral Dewey in the presence of the President, the members of the cabinet and the judiciary, the highest officers of the army and navy and a vast crowd of the plain people. In strong contrast with all of the ceremonies that have taken place since Admiral Dewey reached the shores of his native land, to-day's function was severely official in character. The administration was executing the will of the whole American people, and locality and community disappeared.

The scene of the presentation was appropriately located under the shadow of the dome of the great white capitol of the nation—a spot filled with the memories of other stately ceremonies.

It was before a tremendous assemblage amid a profound hush that Admiral George Dewey received from the hands of its chief executive the sword a nation gave him. The focus of thousands of eyes, the central figure of a magnificent tableau, he stood, with military erectness, at attention, and listened to the eloquent tributes paid him by the President and naval chief speaking for the whole people. A sun as brilliant as that which shone on that May day in a distant ocean gleamed back from the jeweled sword as he received it, thousands of voices drowned the crash of brass—flags waved in a glorious sea of color—and the most picturesque and impressive ceremony the nation's capital has ever seen ended.

The start from Mrs. McLean's residence was made promptly at 10 o'clock. Admiral Dewey had breakfasted at 8:10, with his son and Lieuts. Brumby and Caldwell. He emerged from the house with Chairman Moses, of the local reception committee, and the two took their seats together in Mrs. McLean's carriage. When the admiral appeared, resplendent in heavy epaulets and gold lace, the great throng that had assembled in the adjacent streets and in Farragut square broke out into a long and loud burst of applause. There was also a demonstration when Capt. Lamberton and Lieuts. Brumby and Caldwell came out and took the second carriage.

Accompanied by an escort of police and committeemen, and headed by the Marine band, the admiral was driven to the White House through cheering crowds. His progress was slow, and he repeatedly bowed and smiled his acknowledgments of the greetings given him. He entered the White House grounds by the west gate, and, on reaching the portico, Admiral Dewey quickly alighted and was shown into the east room, where he was met by the President and the members of the cabinet.

Capt. Lamberton, Lieut. Brumby and Lieut. Caldwell also left their carriages and were warmly greeted by the members of the reception committee, the commissioners of the district and a few friends who had gathered there. Only a few minutes elapsed before the admiral reappeared with the President and took seats in the White House carriage. The members of the cabinet occupied the next three carriages, Former Secretary Alger sitting with Secretary Long, and then followed the various officials who had been assigned places near the central figure of the demonstration.

The carriages went briskly down the curved driveway into Pennsylvania avenue, there was a blare of bugle commands, a crash of bands, and the great procession started.

It was a magnificent and inspiring sight as the parade swung into the long stretch of the handsome thoroughfare. Through the broad street, cleared from curb to curb, with the majestic Capitol towering at the further end, and the somber treasury behind, the marching hosts moved between two solid walls of enthusiastic, shouting, gesticulating humanity, banked solidly from the curbs, and rising, tier on tier, on every conceivable kind of structure, to the crowded roofs and windows, while above, below and all about fluttered flags, bunting and Dewey emblems and devices, forming a background of brilliant color.

At the head of the line rode Maj.-Gen. Nelson A. Miles, commanding general of the army, in the full uniform of his rank, with the yellow field marshal's sash from shoulder to hip. He was astride a superb gray horse, richly caparisoned.

Back of him was rank after rank of military aides, all officers of high rank. The brilliant-coated Marine band added color and inspiring music to the gay scene, and following that came every describable kind of soldier, sailor and marine, mounted and afoot, infantry, artillery, cavalry, the marines in their short blouses and helmets, the jackies from the Raleigh and other warships, battery after battery of light artillery, the mammoth 8-inch siege guns of the Seventh artillery, each drawn by eight horses. Then the crimson trappings of the artillery changed to the yellow of cavalry, as line after line of the yellow-plumed troopers rode by.

All that had gone was but a brilliant prelude to the coming of the man of Manila, riding with the President, on his way to the Capitol to receive the nation's tribute. They were in the President's private carriage, seated on the rear seat, the President on the right. Mr. McKinley raised his hat only occasionally, leaving the admiral to acknowledge the plaudits of the multitudes by lifting his chapeau. What an ovation!

From end to end the avenue rang with cheers, and the banks of humanity took on life and motion, as flags and handkerchiefs were waved madly.

Following the admiral came the officers and men of his flagship, the Olympia, in double ranks, stretching across the avenue, and the distinguished officers of the navy and army. The members of the cabinet rode in carriages. With them, also, in the several carriages rode Capt. Lamberton, Flag Lieutenant Brumby, and others of the admiral's staff.

Still another brilliant division was formed by the governors of states, mounted and accompanied by their staffs. At their head rode Gov. Edward C. Smith, of Vermont, the native state of Dewey, with a numerous staff brilliantly uniformed. Then came the governors of the state, each with his staff. Brig. Gen. Harries and the troops of the District National Guard, brought the martial spectacle to a close.

Passing the Peace monument the parade wound up the hill to the east front of the capitol.

Like everything connected with Dewey's record he was early in arriving at the capitol, being half an hour ahead of time. Two committeemen preceeded the President and Admiral Dewey. The waiting crowd uncovered and the President and admiral promptly did the same as they passed rapidly into the lobby of the senate. Dewey was followed by his war captains and the full cabinet acted as an escort. The President with his cabinet was shown into the President's room, while Admiral Dewey with his captains occupied the room of the vice-president. There was a wait of half an hour and then the party took up their march to the stand in the same order as they had entered the capitol.

A gun sounded in the direction of the river just as the sun reached the meridian. There was a flourish from the Marine Band as the head of the procession reached the edge of the portico. The band struck into the soul-moving strains of "Hail to the Chief" as the procession moved along down the steps to the stand.

The crowd cheered long as the party took their seats, Admiral Dewey rising with bare head to respond to the ovation. A colored servant in livery threw a naval cloak over the admiral's shoulders as he took his seat.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Bristol, President McKinley's pastor.

Ross Perry then made the introductory address which was lustily cheered.

He ended by introducing Secretary Long, who was received with enthusiasm, and standing bareheaded in the sunshine, addressed his remarks directly to Dewey, who remained bareheaded and seated. The speech was received with applause.

Admiral Dewey said:

"I thank you, Mr. President, for this great honor you have conferred upon me. I thank the congress for what it has done. I thank the secretary of the navy for his gracious words. I thank my countrymen for this beautiful gift, which shall be an heirloom in my family forever as an evidence that republics are not ungrateful, and I thank you, Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen of the committee, for the gracious, cordial and kindly welcome which you have given me to my home."

The band played "The Star Spangled Banner," and then Cardinal Gibbons pronounced the benediction.

There was the usual bustle and confusion as the ceremonies closed, and then the crowd rearranged itself, a broad path was cleared across the plaza and Admiral Dewey stood up beside the President to review the parade.

At the conclusion of this parade Admiral Dewey was escorted by the civil committee to the residence of Mrs. McLean.

After Admiral Dewey and the President had left the stand there were loud calls by the crowd for Schley, and in response that officer stepped into the vacant stand and bowed repeatedly to the people.

## FUNSTON ON THE WAR.

**We Are Right and the Filipinos Are Wrong.**

Fort Scott, Kan., Sept. 28.—Gen. Frederick Funston, formerly colonel of the 20th Kansas volunteers, and now en route home from Manila, in a letter received by a friend here, predicts that the war in the Philippine islands will have been ended by spring.

Gen. Funston says:

"I would really like to see the war through to the finish, not for the position I hold, but because my fighting blood is up. I am confident that by spring it will be over. The indications are that a very aggressive campaign will be inaugurated this fall and they will have what they lacked before, 3,000 cavalry, absolutely indispensible in a guerrilla war. Lord, wouldn't I like to command a cavalry brigade!

I have never for a minute had any qualms as to the justice of this war. We are right and they are wrong.

"I hope that when they are conquered they will be made to feel for many years the iron hand of military rule, the only kind for which they are suited. I think the islands a most valuable acquisition. Their natural resources are almost beyond computation. From a strictly money standpoint, they are great."

**Pursuing a Murderer.**

Inez, Ky., Oct. 3.—Town Marshal Joseph Kirk was shot to death soon after midnight by Henry Cassaday, a desperado. A posse is in pursuit.


**Constipation**

Headache, biliousness, heartburn, indigestion, and all liver ills are cured by

**Hood's Pills**

Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.



# ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WEAK?

## Have You Bladder or Uric Acid Trouble?

**You May Be Afflicted And Not Know It.**

**To Prove for Yourself the Wonderful Curative Properties of Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney Remedy, Every Reader of the Blade May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Absolutely Free by Mail.**

It is now conceded by eminent scientists that the most important organs of the body are the kidneys. They filter your blood and work away night and day, whether you are asleep or awake.

People are apt to believe that kidney disease is a rather rare disease, but statistics have proven that it is a most common trouble.

And the proof of this is that most diseases, perhaps 85 per cent, are caused in the beginning by disorders of the kidneys.

BECAUSE they fail to filter your blood.

Your other organs may need care—but your kidneys most, because they do most.

If you are sick, begin doctoring your kidneys, because as soon as they are well they will help all the other organs to health.

When your kidneys are not doing their work some of the symptoms which prove it to you are pain or dull ache in the back, rheumatic pains, sciatica, sediment in the urine, scanty supply, scalding irritation in passing it, obliged to go often during the day and to get up many times during the night; uric acid, sleeplessness, nervous irritability, sallow, unhealthy complexion, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, loss of energy and ambition.

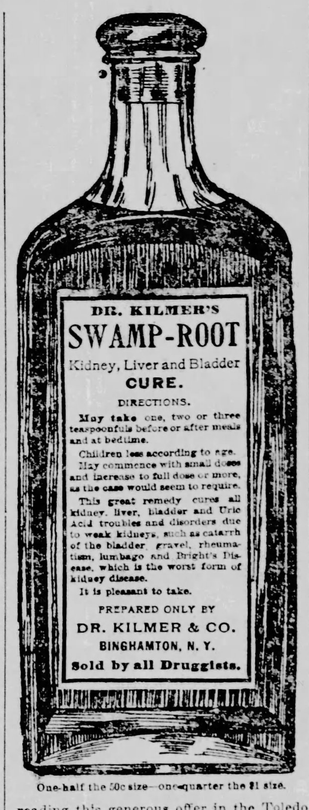
If your water when allowed to remain undisturbed for twenty-four hours forms a sediment or settling, or has a cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

Swamp-Root is the great medical triumph of the 19th century, discovered after years of untiring effort and research, by the famous kidney and bladder specialist, Dr. Kilmer. It will be found by both men and women just what is needed in all cases of kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles.

This famous new discovery, Swamp-Root, will set your whole system right.

The best proof of this is a trial, and nothing could be fairer than the offer to send a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and a book telling all about it, and containing some of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers cured. Both the sample bottle and book will be sent absolutely free, by mail, to any address.

The great discovery, Swamp-Root, is so remarkably successful that our readers are advised to write for a free sample bottle, and to be sure and mention reading this generous offer in the Toledo Weekly Blade when sending their address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.




One-half the 50c size—one-quarter the $1 size.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at drug stores. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.


# WAR NOW CERTAIN.

**THE BOERS WILL BEGIN HOSTILITIES AT ONCE.**

**Intense Excitement All Through South Africa—England Straining Every Nerve to Get Ready.**

London, Oct. 3.—A dispatch from Durban, Natal, announces that the Boers are expected to take the aggressive today. The most alarming rumors are afloat there respecting their intentions.

While the dispatches from South Africa dwell upon the condition of wild excitement there and the expected imminence of the Boer attack there is in reality little change in the situation, though the massing of the Boers in all directions inevitably increases the tension.

While constant military orders are being issued here, progress seems very slow, and it must still be weeks before Great Britain will be in a good position to strike.

The government is not showing any signs of haste in sending an ultimatum. This is probably due to a recognition that Great Britain is not yet ready to substitute force for negotiations, and the cabinet, therefore, is giving the Transvaal every chance to accept the latest proposals.

## THE ULTIMATUM.

**Dispatch Submitted to Cabinet Council by Chamberlain.**

London, Sept. 29.—The Pall Mall Gazette says it understands that Mr. Chamberlain submitted a dispatch to the cabinet council to-day containing the following terms on the Transvaal:

First—Five years franchise on the qualification without hampering conditions.

Second—Municipal self-government at Johannesburg on a freely-elected basis.

Three—The separation of the judicature from the executive and its independence of the volksraad.

Fourth—the abolition of the dynamite monopoly.

Fifth—The removal of forts dominating Johannesburg, though the defenses at Pretoria may remain.

Sixth—The teaching of the English language in the schools.

## KRUGER'S REPLY.

**Volksraad Passes Bill Providing for Confiscation of Property.**

Cape Town, Sept. 29.—The Transvaal's reply to the last dispatch of the British secretary of state for the colonies, Mr. Chamberlain, has been sent from Pretoria. It is to the effect that the republic strictly adheres to the London convention, and asks nothing further. The question of the suzerainty of Great Britain over the Transvaal is not touched upon in the dispatch.

## ORANGE FREE STATE

**Decides to Make the Transvaal's Cause Its Own.**

London, Sept. 28.—The decision of the Volkshaad of the Orange Free States to join with the Transvaal in the event of hostilities, although fully expected, is the leading news to-day, and will, naturally stiffen the Boers' independent attitude.

The Raad's resolution has made the brotherhood of arms between the Transvaal and the Orange Free State an absolute certainty, and the British will have to face the situation.

The Volksraad resolution was as follows:

"The Raad having read paragraph 2 of the President's speech, and the official documents and correspondence submitted therewith:

"Having regard for the strained state of affairs throughout the whole of South Africa, which has arisen in consequence of the difference between the Imperial government and the government of the Transvaal, which may bring about hostilities;

"Being connected with the Transvaal by the closest ties of blood and confederacy;

"And, standing in the most friendly relationship with the imperial government, and, fearing that should war break out, a hatred between the European races will be born which will arrest and retard the peaceful development of all the states and colonies of Africa and develop a distrust of the future.

"Feeling that the solemn duty rests upon it of doing everything possible to avoid the shedding of blood;

"Considering that the Transvaal government, during its negotiations with the imperial government which have extended over several months, has made every endeavor to arrive at a peaceful solution of the differences raised by the aliens of the Transvaal, and taken up by the imperial government as its own cause, which endeavors have, unfortunately, had only this result, that the British troops were concentrated on the border of the Transvaal and are still being strengthened.

"Resolved, That we instruct the government to still use every means to maintain and further peace, contribute towards the solution of existing difficulties, provided it be done without violating the honor and independence of the Free State and the Transvaal, and wishes the ministry to make known its opinion that there exists no cause for war, and that war against the Transvaal as now undertaken or occasioned by the imperial government, will, morally, be a war against the whole white population of Africa, and, in its consequences, criminal, for, come what may, the Free State will honestly and faithfully fulfill its obligations towards the Transvaal, by virtue of political alliance between the two republics."

## FORAKER DENIES

**That Any Alliance Exists Against Judge Nash.**

Cleveland, O., Oct. 2.—A special to the Leader from Washington says:

Much comment has been created here by the reports of a political alliance between John R. McLean and the Kurtz-Bushnell element in Ohio politics, formed for the probable purpose of causing the defeat of Judge Nash, the Republican nominee for governor. It is significant that in the accounts of this alliance the name of Senator Foraker does not appear as one of the conspirators against the success of the Republican ticket. This is wise, for the senator declared that the man who would link his name with a scheme looking toward Republican defeat "ought to be shot." And he looked as if he meant just that.

"I have not seen the printed stories as yet," Senator Foraker went on to say, "and I do not believe any such alliance exists. In any event, however, I would have nothing whatever to do with it. I suppose there are some Republicans in Ohio who are dissatisfied, but they will not affect the result this year any more than that class of Republicans have done in other years.

"The Ohio situation is all that could be desired. Indeed, I was surprised when I went back after spending some time at Deer park, to find the outlook so favorable. I had been reading the newspapers, in many of which there have been glowing accounts of Republican disaffection, and I was not prepared to find the party as a whole so harmonious. There isn't any doubt about the result, and, while I do not know what Governor Bushnell and Mr. Kurtz intend doing, I am inclined to think the story they have formed an alliance with Mr. McLean is a simple campaign roorback."

The senator predicted the election of the Republican ticket by a satisfactory majority. He will take the stump on October 7, and participate actively in the campaign from that date until election day.

## REPUBLICANS GAIN.

**Carry 101 Out of 133 Towns in the Nutmeg State.**

New Haven, Conn., Oct. 3.—One hundred and sixty-two of the 163 towns in the state yesterday elected officials. Returns up to midnight had been received from 133 towns of the 162 voting, and the tables show Republican victories in 101 towns and Democratic success in 32. Full returns from all the towns in the election of 1898 showed 92 towns to be Republican, 27 Democratic, and 43 divided. Comparing the full returns of last year with the returns received thus far from to-day's election, the Republicans have gained nine towns and the Democrats five, these gains coming from the towns classified last year as divided.

## DEWEY DAY.

**Vermont Will Celebrate a Holiday in His Honor.**

Montpelier, Vt., Oct. 2.—A message received from Governor Smith in this city is to the effect that Dewey Day would be held Oct. 12.—This was the date fixed by the committee having charge of Vermont's welcome to her honored son, but definite selection of that time rested with the Admiral himself.

The arrangements will now be completed as originally outlined and Dewey Day in Montpelier will probably surpass any holiday the state has ever known. The day following the celebration the Admiral will go to Northfield to attend the laying of the corner stone of Dewey Hall at the University there.

## THEY WANT DEWEY.

**People of the Great Northwest Are Clamoring for Him.**

Minneapolis, Sept. 30.—Minneapolis and the northwest want Admiral Dewey to accompany the President on his western trip. The Minneapolis committee on arrangements for the reception to President McKinley, October 12, the date of the arrival of the Minnesota regiment which has served in the Philippines, is waiting for the President to act. If he does not invite the admiral to accompany him, Minneapolis will join with the other northwestern cities in a joint invitation to the admiral.

There is some hope here that the President will extend an invitation to the admiral to accompany him to Chicago. If this is done, the northwestern people believe there will be little difficulty in inducing the President to ask the admiral to remain as a member of the Presidential party throughout the entire trip.

**Ex-Speaker Reed's Firm.**

New York, Sept. 27.—The formal announcement of the change in the name of the law firm which ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed will head in Wall street was made yesterday. It is to be Reed, Simpson, Thatcher & Barnum. It was formerly Simpson, Thatcher & Barnum.


—"Take time by the forelock." If your blood is out of order, begin taking Hood's Sarsaparilla at once and prevent serious illness.



**A BEAUTIFUL, SOLID GOLD FILLED WATCH**

Stem wind, stem set, beautifully engraved, with a genuine American movement, warranted for two years,

**AS A PRESENT TO YOU**

for a few minutes' work. All we ask is that you sell for us to your friends and neighbors 100 of our famous LADY BEAUTY PINS, at 5 cents each (regular price 10 cents). They have only to be shown to sell—every lady and girl in the land needs several.

**SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.**

If you would like to have the watch, just send us your name and address, saying that you will sell the pins or return them, and we will forward them AT ONCE. We are selling a million a month of these pins, and everybody is more than pleased with them. This watch is the best ever offered, and is easily earned on account of the small amount to be sold—others are asking sales of $50 for same watch. Send in your name to-day. Don't wait.

We have other premiums for smaller sales. You get our beautiful premium list with the goods. If you don't sell them all, you get a premium for what you do sell. The publisher of this paper will vouch for our reliability. Be sure and write us to-day.

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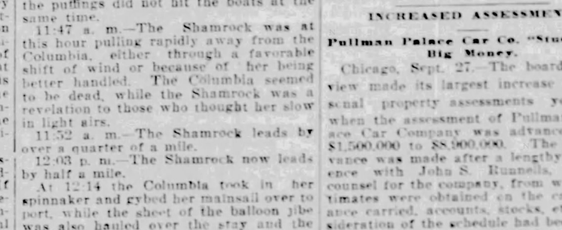
**YOUR FORTUNE FREE** FIND OUT WHAT THE STARS SAY AT YOUR BIRTH. Be guided by them for success. It means your wealth and happiness. Send age and exact birth date and with a pen picture of your future affinity. All questions answered on love, business, etc. My readings are thorough and fully studied, as thousands in Europe and America can testify. Correspondence confidential. Address Prof. ARLUS, Box 1531, Philadelphia, Penn.

**Special Offer** Our $1.50 Hollow-ground Razor, with Strop to suit, $1.25 postpaid. Every M. A. G. Blade is hand-forged from razor steel, fine tested, warranted. This cut is exact size of Great strong knife. Tests from wrist hair to shaving whiskers. Set, Razor and Strop, $1.25 postpaid. Best Polish shears, $1.00. Ladies' 3-in. pearl, nickel scissors, $1.00. Send for catalogue. Agents wanted everywhere. Page Five First and Yellow to Use a Razor. Address




aber & rson Co. 432 A St. Toledo, Ohio.


## WAS NO RACE.

**The First Trial Between the Columbia and Shamrock.**

New York, Oct. 3.—At 4:45 the time limit expired, but neither yacht had reached the end of the course. Both signaled for their tugs. This race will be sailed again on Thursday.

Highlands, 4:03 p. m.—The most exciting feature of the contest now is the Shamrock's race against time for a win. At this time she seems to be making about four miles an hour, but as she has five miles to go in 42 minutes she seems to have but little chance of defeating the Columbia to-day.

New York, Oct. 3.—Columbia reached Sandy Hook lightship about 10:12. The Shamrock at that time was three miles to the westward but heading for the lightship. Strung out astern there was a large fleet of excursion boats, steam yachts and six torpedo boats, all headed for the lightship. At 10:15 the wind was almost due northeast, blowing about ten knots an hour, a good club topsail breeze.

11:10.—The torpedo boats working to keep the course clear. There is a big excursion boat close up to the line which appears to be taking the wind from the yachts.

Highlands of Navesink, Oct. 3.—11:12 a. m.—At 11:12 the starting gun was fired.

The Shamrock apparently crossed the line at 11:15:30 and the Columbia at 11:15:55.

The following are the official times at the start: Shamrock, 11:15:37, Columbia, 11:16:20.

11:21.—The course is fifteen miles to leeward and turn down the Jersey shore. The Shamrock did not set her spinnaker until five minutes after crossing the line, during which time the Columbia pulled up somewhat on her.

At 11:26 the Shamrock is still ahead but the Columbia is a trifle closer.

11:32 a. m.—The Columbia at this hour has crawled up until she was almost on even terms with the Shamrock. The wind, however, was streaky, and the puffings did not hit the boats at the same time.

11:47 a. m.—The Shamrock was at this hour pulling rapidly away from the Columbia, either through a favorable shift of wind or because of her being better handled. The Columbia seemed to be dead, while the Shamrock was a revelation to those who thought her slow in light airs.

11:52 a. m.—The Shamrock leads by over a quarter of a mile.

12:03 p. m.—The Shamrock now leads by half a mile.

At 12:14 the Columbia took in her spinnaker and gybed her mainsail over to port, while the sheet of the balloon jibe was also hauled over the stay and the big sail set to port.

The change in the Columbia's sail was the best thing she had done up to this time, for she began to rapidly overhaul the Shamrock.

Highlands of Navesink.—12:32 p. m.—The Columbia was nearly a quarter of a mile ahead of the Shamrock at 12:32. The boats at that time had sailed about half of the course.

12:44 p. m.—The Columbia at this time was over half a mile in the lead and seemed to be dropping her rival very rapidly.

Highlands of Navesink, Oct. 3, 1:38 p. m.—The Columbia turned the stake boat at 1:38 p. m. The Shamrock turned the stake boat at 1:40 p. m.

Highlands, Oct. 3, 2:14 p. m.—The wind has decreased until it is now about five miles an hour. The Shamrock appears to have overtaken and passed the Columbia. Both yachts have now gone about on a starboard tack. It is very hazy off toward the boats.

3:03 p. m.—Shamrock now seems to be leading. The Columbia is stalled in a streak of calm. Her jibs are flapping, and there is scarcely wind enough to blow out their mainsail, while Shamrock's sails are all drawing and she is reaching fast. She is yet on her port tack, and is evidently following up her advantage by keeping there.

3:06 p. m.—The yachts will require more wind than they have now to finish the race within time limit. However, if the Shamrock can hold her present wind she may finish. The Columbia has just struck a light breeze and is forging ahead again, but she is well in the rear and has got a hard proposition for the rest of the course.

3:15 p. m.—The following are the official times at the turn: Columbia, 1:38.45; Shamrock, 1:40.11.

## INCREASED ASSESSMENT.

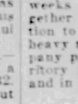
**Pullman Palace Car Co. "Stuck" for Big Money.**

Chicago, Sept. 27.—The board of review made its largest increase on personal property assessments yesterday when the assessment of Pullman's Palace Car Company was advanced from $1,500,000 to $8,900,000. The big advance was made after a lengthy conference with John S. Runnells, general counsel for the company, from whom estimates were obtained on the cash balance carried, accounts, stocks, etc. Consideration of the schedule had been postponed from time to time for several weeks that Mr. Runnells might get together all needed information. In addition to this personal property tax and a heavy real estate tax, it is said the company pays taxes in every state and territory in the United States, in Mexico and in Canada.

**Month's Total Coinage.**

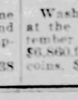
Washington, Oct. 3.—The total coinage at the United States mints during September was $9,566,794, as follows: Gold, $6,880,947; silver, $2,441,268; minor coins, $244,579.


**WATCH AND CHAIN FOR ONE DAY'S WORK.**



Boys and Girls can get a Nickel Plated Watch and Chain for selling 20 packages of Bluine at 10 cents each. Send your full address and we will send Bluine postpaid. When sold send the Dollar and we will send Watch and Chain, postpaid, and a large Premium List. No money required. BLUINE CO., Concord Junction, Mass.

**10,000 BICYCLES**



Special Offer. Mead Cycle Co., Dept 128 Chicago.

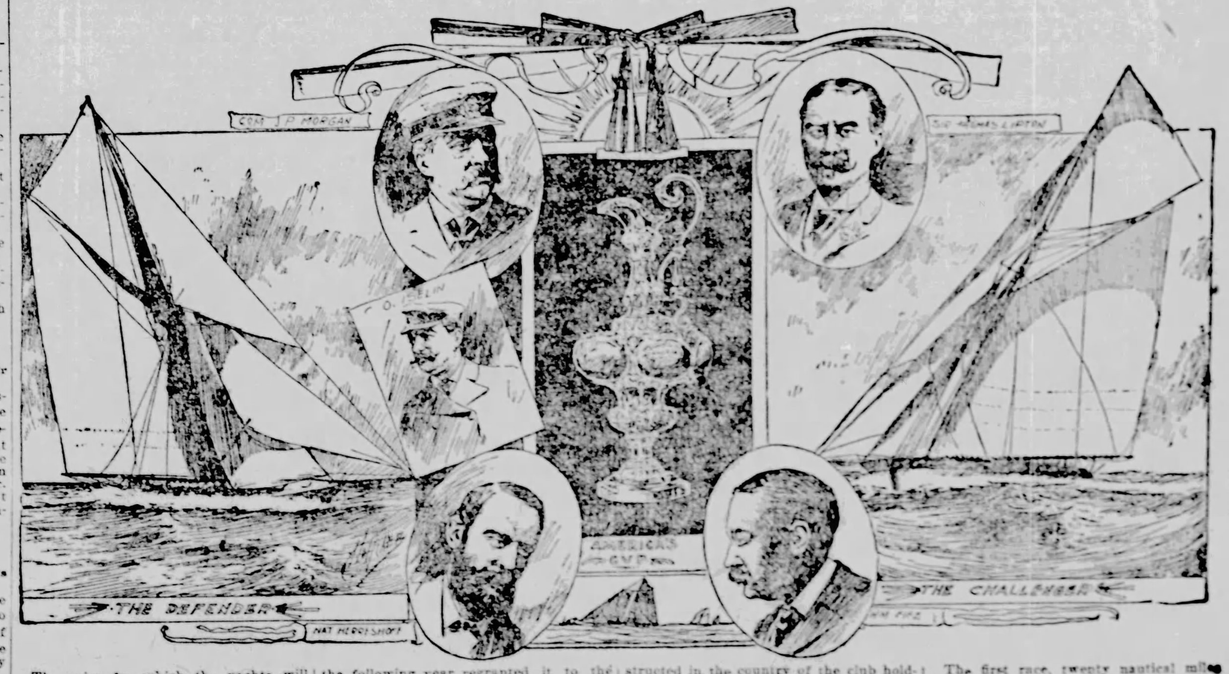
**LADIES** Write Mrs. E. Mercier, Toledo, O., for free pkg. Vita Sana. Cures female diseases.

**LADIES!** My Monthly Regulator NEVER FAILS. Sent FREE. Box 3, Adrian, Mich.

**OUTFIT FREE** Agents for an article that sells on sight. Every lady buys. Sells for 25c. Costs you 2c. CREDIT GIVEN. FREIGHT PAID. FERGUSON FUR CO., 275 Third St., Cincinnati, O.

**CANCER CURED** WITH SOOTHING, BALMY OILS. Cancer, Tumor, Catarrh, Piles, Fistula, Ulcer and all Blood and Womb Diseases cured. Write for Book. Sent free. Address DR. BYE, Kansas City, Mo.


# MEN, YACHTS AND CUP IN INTERNATIONAL RACE.




The prize for which the yachts will sail is known as the America's cup, not because it is held by the Americans but because the pilot schooner America won it from the squadron of the Royal Yacht club in 1851, beating the second boat by eighteen minutes and some of the others by a day as they did not report at the starting line until the day following owing to a heavy fog that settled down as the race closed.

The cup becoming the property of the America's owners they held it until 1857, when it was turned over to the New York Yacht club under a deed of gift. The club held it until 1881 when it was returned to the sole survivor of America's owners, George L. Schuyler who, in the following year regranted it to the club.

The cup is a perpetual challenge trophy and the main points in the deed of gift are:

This cup shall be preserved as a perpetual challenge cup for friendly competition betwen foreign countries. Any organized yacht club of a foreign country, incorporated, patented or licensed by the legislature, admiralty of other executive department, having for its annual regatta an ocean water course on the sea, or on an arm of the sea, or one which combines both, shall always be entitled to the right of sailing a match for this cup wih a yacht or vessel propelled by sails only and constructed in the country to which the challenging club belongs, against any one yacht or vessel constructed in the country of the club holding the cup.

The yachts or vessels, if of one mast, shall be not less than sixty-five nor more than ninety feet on the load-water line; if of more than one mast, they shall be not less than eighty feet nor more than 115 feet on the load-water line.

The challenging club shall give ten months' notice in writing, naming the days for the proposed races, but no race shall be sailed on the days intervening between Nov. 1 and May 1.

In case the parties cannot mutually agree upon the terms of a match, then three races shall be sailed, and the win

# THE HOUSEHOLD

LET US BE HAPPY! WE MAY IF WE WILL
FIND SOME PLEASURE IN LIFE TO OVERBALANCE THE ILL;
THERE WAS NEVER AN EVIL IF WELL UNDERSTOOD,
BUT WHAT RIGHTLY MANAGED WOULD TURN TO GOOD.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON
EDITOR.

## That Exhibition!

It was a glorious September morning. Following the gray weather of the preceding days the bright sunshine and the crisp air seemed especially life-giving, making the blood course more rapidly through the veins, and the call to work an inspiration instead of a drudgery to be deplored. Just a little glimpse of brighter coloring appeared among the leaves of the trees, the precursor of the change which is soon coming. It was only a hint, but it was one to which the touch of cold in the clear atmosphere gave meaning. The bright flowers, with this thought in mind, took on a more vivid beauty, as if they hoped thus to impress the picture so firmly as to be unfaded when the winds are howling and the snow flying in the winter so rapidly drawing near.

Right here I want to say that aside from the coming of the cold and storm which must bring suffering to many people, I can not understand why the autumn should be held a season of sadness. Never is there a more gorgeous coloring than then. Never is the air in the temperate belt more pleasant; never does the sunshine seem more glorious; never do the lingering bird-songs seem sweeter.

"The low wind sounds a million drowsy flutes;
The yellowing sunlight on the hillside falls;
Alone, aloud, one lingering robin flutes,
And from the elm our golden oriole calls."

Yes, but all of this beauty means death, say you. Ah, no, that is where the mistake lies. It means the coming of the rest time for all of this wonderful expression of life in tree and plant and flower. It means only the withdrawing for a season from the outward shape that we see broken and changed, to be used again in some other form that is finer and better than the last. When the spring sun shines and the spring rains fall, then the life will come forth again into new expressions just as beautiful as those out of which it retired from our sight at the coming on of winter. This outcoming and ingoing is only one of nature's cycles by which she carries evolution forward.

The falling of the leaves, the disappearance of the flowers,, do not then mean death in the sense of the ending of life. There can be no such thing, for what we call death, "is only transition," the withdrawal for a season from physical expression, the entrance into the more vivid interior life, just as it is with the human being. The whole object of all life is—it must be—the broadening of the consciousness until it reaches the divine, and therefore how can it be destroyed?

Looking at it in that way, to me the autumn brings no sadness in itself, but only gladness.

This is, however, a digression from what I want to tell. This September morning of which I spoke I was upon my way down town as fast as the swiftly moving car could take its passengers. Presently, as we neared the business part of the city, a crowd appeared. It was near the Memorial building dedicated to the soldiers who fought for the preservation of the government, which in the past has stood the synonym for life and liberty. Along both sides of the street were stalwart men and ruddy faced boys. A few women were scattered through the lines in which there must have been, I am sure, over three score people.

All seemed in gay, good humor. Hearty bursts of laughter reached our ears as we approached, and we saw the crowd sway forward in their efforts to see something as yet hidden from our view. I wondered if, perchance, Dewey might be on a flying visit to Toledo, so great appeared the excitement.

Peering out of the windows at last we saw what had drawn and was holding this throng, made up, not of the ignorant and unkempt, but of well dressed, intelligent people, men and women who thrill with pride at the greatness of the nation of which they form a part, and they were watching and laughing gleefully over—what?

The frantic efforts of one poor little rat to escape from the almost certain death awaiting it by the jaws of the dog several times its size which had been set to the task. And as the creature, frenzied with fear, darted hither and thither in its attempt to get away, the amusement at its agony increased in greater measure. I shall not soon forget the look of utter disgust upon the face of the bright young woman with whom I chanced to be conversing, when she, with myself, caught sight of the cause of the excitement.

Now I am not making any plea for the rat. I think it has been made clear in this column before that no love is lost between the rat-race and the family of which I am a member. But I do deprecate an exhibition of cold-blooded cruelty towards a living thing that can suffer,—for cruelty it was that could prolong such a scene and find enjoyment in it.

What a spectacle was there!

We call ourselves a humane people, and we hold the Spanish bull fights to be a relic of barbarism, and so they are. But in the latter is a show of colossal strength pitted against agility and skill, and each combatant has a chance for victory, while in this struggle, which an American public paused on its way to enjoy, the odds against the poor little rat were terrible and relentless. Of course the rats must be exterminated, for they are no respecters of property, but let it be done decently and without a needless infliction of suffering.

Aside, however, from that part of the matter there is something far more important. The usual fringe of boys was with the crowd. What pleased their seniors would naturally give them pleasure, and so instead of the law of love and kindness, they were learning that of cruelty, and of disregard for the suffering of their inferiors. So many of our habits of thought and action have conspired to produce this carelessness which helps to harden the heart against all pain and anguish! Vivisection of living animals, that horror of horrors practiced in the name of science has been a potent factor, and the hunting of animals for sport is another. And even stronger than these is the idea that might is right, and that animals have no rights that human beings are bound to respect.

I have no thought that all of those persons who were enjoying the agony of the hunted rat that bright September morning are lacking in humanity. They simply did not think of the other side of the picture but that is the pity of it. If we allow ourselves to forget to exercise the law of love to even the "meanest of His creatures' by so much are we helping to brutalize the community in which we live, for we are teaching the young those lessons which cannot fail to blunt their finer sensibilities.

They who study animal life in the home, in the woods, and in the fields, come to respect its individual expression the most, and are most tender towards animal sufferings. They see within their forms a life which is on its way upward just as surely as that of man is. They find in them a power, call it instinct if you will, that is akin to reason, and they learn never to abuse whatever superior might their human powers give them. And by and by they come to feel that all life, in whatever form it may be, is sacred from abuse of power or cruelty.

"I know a life that like a stream
Has caught the glory and the gleam
Of many a white cloud's floating dream.
I know a life:
And till its latest hour is gone
A life must ever travel on."

EMILY S. BOUTON.

## The Cozy-Corner

A BEAUTY.

"She really is a beauty, of the kind I like to see,
In doing daily duties is the way to victory;
She has a friendly nature, and just to free her mind,
To honor the old people she seems to be inclined.

"This latest thought on etiquette some girls have set aside,
While on a very narrow seat, their bicycles they ride;
But there's a tip that's better still, tho' out of fashion grown,
The tip of honor to old age, in kindness gently shown."

The little poem at the head of this page was sent by a contributor, who, being much pleased with the letter written by Kansas Beauty a few weeks ago, expresses himself thus:

Beauty has a very expressive meaning. As a mere art critique, I have often had my attention drawn toward the beautiful alone; but when beauty and sentiment seem to be combined, as in the letter of this Kansas Beauty, in your paper, I become sentimental, and even try to be poetical.

I remember reading in Sacred Writ this sentence: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land." Has not this modest Beauty a few more kind words for us?

On the question of domestic service, Aunt Mercy writes:

This is, of course, a woman's question, for home-keeping is her work, as homebuilding and supporting is man's, and I am unable to see why one is not just as respectable as the other.

Will some one tell me why, as in the case of a family I once visited, the clerk in the store owned by my host, was invited to the tea-table, and to the lawn to play lawn tennis after the meal, while "the help," who chanced to be the young man's own cousin, and his equal in education and intelligence, was only a waiter at table, and at her solitary work in the kitchen, while he was enjoying himself with the company! Is it any wonder that girls who are capable and ambitious prefer to be clerks, despising the domestic service, which is the apprenticeship they so much lack when they become heads of families?

Some one remarked to my hostess that she seemed to have very good help. "Yes," she replied, "she does very well, but she is like all the rest of them; she runs too much nights!"

Poor thing! Perhaps some of the mistresses would "run nights" if that were the only time when they could seek human companionship! However, I am thankful that there are housekeepers who have found there is nothing lost by treating the young woman in the kitchen as she would wish her own daughter to be treated.

In another family I know, there was a young German girl who had been taught our language, by her mistress, and had been trained by her to be a good housekeeper. She waited at table when there was company, as the daughter of the house would have done had there been no servant, and was treated with unvarying kindness. When I was about to leave, my hostess said: "Please don't forget to say goodbye to Mary; it will please her so much."

I have known girls with sufficient independence of character to engage in domestic service. One was anxious to gain an education but was too poor to pay her board and a place in a good family was offered her. Some one suggested that if she accepted the offer she would have to eat in the kitchen. Her answer was:

"I can stand that. My Bible says: 'He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.'"

She went, did her work faithfully, studied hard, and when she became a teacher in the schools, did not eat in the kitchen!

Another friend of mine paid her board at college by working in the kitchen; and when she had a home of her own as wife of a young minister, found her training in housework very useful. Yet I would by no means, undervalue the education that made her an intellectual companion for her husband, and secured for her the respect and admiration of her growing boys and girls. It seems to me that these young women showed the right kind of pride.

Concerning a subject of interest to all the "human family," Rita has this to say:

The extravagance of the girl of today, often hinders her lover from marrying her. Too much style and too much pleasure cannot stand the constant drain.

Young men and women, be true to the teachings of your own heart and conscience, care less about what the world will say, and pure, happy, Christian homes will be more abundant.

"In many a marriage made for gold,
The bride is bought, and the bridegroom sold."

The Cherokee marriage ceremony is very impressive: the man and woman join hands over running water, to indicate that their lives are henceforth to flow in the same stream.

Out of the depths of her own sad experience Etheline sends this message to:

Fathers and mothers, I wish to say a word to you. Oftentimes a man and woman marry, and after becoming the parents or two or three little children, come to the conclusion, through numerous differences and difficulties, that they can no longer live together, and at once make preparations for a separation.

Perhaps, at the same time, their hearts are aching and each is wishing that the other would say something to keep them together, but both are too stubborn to yield—to "speak first"—and the agreement is made, the children are bound out perhaps, or left for strangers to care for; the man leaves the place, his wife and children, perhaps never to see them again.

Neither the father nor mother realize at the time the suffering that will be theirs in the years to come. Go where they will, seek pleasure where they may, the sight of other children will send an arrow to their hearts. They may repent their course ever so sincerely, but it is too late. They may seek consolation in the thought that the children are well cared for, and have plenty to eat and drink and wear, but they little know the aching void in those childish hearts; the longing for parental love.

I know something of what I write, for I never remember seeing mother until I went to her on her sick bed and carried her little grandchild for her to see.

I have no remembrance of my father, except once when I was a little child, when he bade me bood bye with tears in his eyes!

Ah, parents! If you knew the heartaches of the little ones left behind, you would ask God to give you grace to overcome the difficulties of life, and stand by your post, true soldiers of Christ; and the happiness that would follow you, would be ample reward.

Writing from Oklahoma Mr. Ruble says: I have seen all kinds of weather here; bright sunshine, calm rains, fierce storms and high winds. Up to the 18th of July, there was a larger and prettier variety of flowers growing wild upon these prairies than ever grew in a hothouse; the finest vegetables of all kinds, and the biggest corn I ever saw grows here. Early wheat will average 20 bushels to the acre, and late wheat about one-fourth as well.

A life-long subscriber of The Blade asks how to rid her house of roaches. Boiling water poured in the places they frequent is said to be one way of exterminating them. Who can suggest other ways?

The editor has not yet heard from the Cozy Cornerites on the subject of the Ohio Centennial. She is hoping that their silence indicates that they are thinking deeply, and will send the result of their cogitations in due time.

### FANCY WORK.

My housekeeper friend was showing me her guest chamber, with its dainty furnishings of blue and white; its luxurious rugs and spotless window draperies, when her husband joined us, and, after listening to my "ohs" and "ahs" of delight at the innumerable pretty things that were scattered about, said that if I had a mind to see something worth while, I could come with him, and thereupon marched away to the room he has fitted up for the entertainment of his many friends. I followed, of course, and this what I saw—a man's room:

The floor was covered with a smooth wool carpet of a slate color, showing a handsome combination of flowers and leaves, in rich dull shades of red and green, and was guiltless of rugs. "Things are always kicking up under your feet," explained my host.

The wall paper matched the carpet as nearly as possible. "Good color-fellows can smoke all they please, and it will only improve the tone."

The windows were severely plain—slate-colored shades and no draperies whatever.

In the center of the bay-window was a large square table, padded and covered with slate-colored leather. On this was set forth writing materials, books and a complete smoker's outfit.

The dresser had none of the littledrawer-shelves, etc., that make such delightful resting places for bottles, bric-a-brac and—dust, but was perfectly smooth on top and covered to match the table.

"You see, a fellow spills things occasionally, and if there's embroidered gewgaws around, they get spoiled, and he feels like going out and kicking himself. The leather will wipe up and look all right, and nobody's the wiser."

The edge of the dresser was finished with a cherry molding that stood above the surface fully an inch. "That's an original idea of mine," he said, proudly. "You never see a collar-button jumping that barrier!"

A huge soft pincushion attracted my attention as being not at all in keeping with the severe plainness of the other fittings. "Yep; I don't like to fumble around in a dish when I want a pin, and I have no use for these rocky cushions that you have to drive a pin into with a hammer, so I had Nell make that, and it's without compare."

The wash-stand was leather-covered, and was furnished with a rack at the back. On the two lower rungs hung all kinds of bath towels; the upper rung revolved in a socket, and on this was a crash-roller towel, which served as a splasher as well as in its own especial capacity.

"Towels are always hiding themselves; one like this can't get away from a fellow when his eyes are full of soapsuds."

A wide leather-covered couch and two big chairs completed the furniture of the main room, the bed being in an alcove, which,jogging out from the main part of the house, was well lighted and ventilated, its windows being opposite and dressed as were those in the main room.

In a corner of this alcove was a bracket so arranged as to be lighted by day or night. On this was a glass and all the accessories for shaving. "Sometimes a fellow wants a shave, and there's no barber handy—then, there he is."

In the opposite corner was a blacking outfit, arranged on a square of linoleum, "so a fellow needn't worry if the stuff spatters a bit."

Everything had been arranged with a strict view to comfort and convenience, and I could not but agree with my host that his room was "handier to sleep in," even while I admired the "blue and white flummydiddles," as he styled the fittings of his wife's guest room.

I should have said the wood work and furniture of the room were all of a rich cherry, finely polished, and the coloring prevented the coldness of tone that would naturally result from the slate-colored furnishings.

### THE COOK.

Terence strolled into the kitchen today and brought a recipe for mixed pickles "like his mother used to make."

**Mixed Pickles.**

One-half of a medium-sized cabbage, 4 large roots of celery, 4 tablespoonfuls of grated horseradish, 6 large green tomatoes, 1 large Spanish onion, 2 cucumbers, 1 red and 1 green pepper.

Chop all these vegetables and mix together. Put a layer about two inches thick in the bottom of a jar, sprinkle it with a tablespoonful of salt, then another layer of vegetables and salt, and so on, till all is used. Let it stand for 24 hours, then drain, pressing out all the liquor; cover with boiling water; let it stand for ten minutes, then press with the hands until entirely dry.

Now put a two-inch layer of the pickle in the jar, sprinkle with mustard seed, black pepper and the grated horseradish, repeating the process until it is all packed. Add to 1 qt. vinegar ¼ teaspoonful powdered alum and stir until it is dissolved. Pour this over the pickle; let stand for a couple of days, and it is ready for use.

A Chinese friend of the cook, who rejoices in the euphonious title of Loo-See, brought her a recipe for

**Chow Chow.**

One-half lb. mustard; ½ oz. turmeric, 2 tablespoonfuls mustard seed, 1 qt. string beans, ½ gal. vinegar, 1 cupful sugar, 1 gill of salad oil, 1 head of cauliflower, 1 qt. small cucumbers, 1 qt. button onions.

Boil the cauliflower, beans and onions separately until tender; cover the cucumbers with strong salt water and soak 24 hours, then mix all together. Put the vinegar in a porcelain kettle; mix the mustard and turmeric and moisten with a little cold vinegar; then put them into the hot vinegar and stir constantly until it begins to thicken; then add the mustard seed, sugar and oil; stir again and pour this, while hot, over the vegetables. Put away in glass or stone jars.

And, not to be outdone by the "Haythen Chinee," another friend, Miss Carolina Hoffmeister, gave this as the true German recipe for

**Zwiebelm.**

Two qts. shredded cauliflower, 2 qts. onions, 300 small pickles, 4 ozs. radish seed, 4 ozs, nasturtium seed; pour a strong, boiling hot brine over each of these separately, and let stand for 48 hours; then drain and pack into jars or crocks. Dissolve 3 cupfuls flour, 3 cupfuls sugar, ¾ cupful mustard and 2 ozs. of curry powder in 1 qt. of cold vinegar. Scald 8 qts. of vinegar and stir into it when boiling the vinegar which contains these condiments, and pour over the pickles.

## The Merry Go-Rounds

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.

### THE FLOOD OF YEARS.

Poem for September Study of Diotima—Outline.

Lines 1 to 6—Introduction. Theme, Time and Life.

Lines 6-65—Typical View of Time and relation to Life.

Lines 65-72—The continual destruction of Time.

Lines 72-108—Author's reflection upon the Past.

Lines 108-118—Author's reflection upon the Future.

Lines 118-126—The belt of darkness that bars the way between Life and Death.

Lines 126-146—The reunion of Souls. Here is found what might be termed "a touch of the immortality of the soul."

Lines 146-152—Universal lesson. Peace the crowning glory that awaits a pure life.

Time never ceases; his work must ever go on; throughout eternity, the flood of years sweeps by, bringing life that which has past, present, and future. All are engaged in this conflict with time and life; all must pass the critical moment when:

"On the mounting billow seen,
The flood sweeps over them and they are gone."

Lo! Death is prevalent. Wider and wider he strentches his sinewy hand and crushes cities, palaces, fortresses and towers in his mighty grasp. All may be lost or forgotten in this ocean of time. Various languages are lost, never to be spoken again; while others are brought to light after centuries have passed.

Looking back we review the past, a mere waste of forgotten memories restored to our minds by reflection. We see wrecks of ourselves where there might have been ideals, sorrow instead of happiness.

Then we look forward to the misty future and hope, so divinely fair, leads us among etheral flowers of sublime beauty. Then, again, fear and forebodings make us shudder and to dread lest we fall among monsters of evil.

Onward in life unto death, until we reach the interval where darkness bars the way between life and death. We must pass by. We have a dark foreboding. What is beyond? Our life touches it and death seems welcome. The good and wise offer us consolation.

Beyond this earth there is a paradise; a place of the reunion of souls. Here the years roll by, but more gently. Every life that was pure and good, all that were truly good, are gathered up and live within this paradise of happiness. Here can be seen what might be termed "a touch of the immortality of the soul," when it says:

"So they pass from stage to stage along the shining course of that bright river, broadening like a sea," and yet one can see a difference.

The author seeks to implant within our minds the lesson of peace. We receive the touch of healing, and rest and peace is the cup that is offered. In this paradise no grief can soar about us, for the crowning glory that awaits a pure life shall ever be the hope that leads us upward, for it is the change awaiting growth and action, mainly from within us, that precedes eternity for our soul.

Cleo Davis offers the following poem by Jean Ingelow, as the study for October. Miss Prudence hopes to hear from many of her young people as to how the lines appeal to them individually.

COMPENSATION.

"One launched a ship, but she was wrecked at sea;
He built a bridge, but floods have borne it down;
He meant much good, none came; strange destiny.
His corn lies sunk, his bridge bears none to town.
Yet good he had not meant became his crown;
For once at work, when even as nature free
From thought of good he was, or of renown,
God took the work for good, and let good be.
So, wakened with a trembling after sleep,
Dread Mona Roa yields her fateful store;
All gleaming hot the scarlet rivers creep,
And fanned of great-leaved palms slip to the shore.
Them stolen to unplumed wastes of that far deep
Lay the foundations of one island more."

The chaperone advises her boys and girls to either copy these lines or cut them out and pin them up in some conspicuous place where their eyes will often fall upon them, and in studying them apply them to the real life and experience of themselves and those about them.

Henrietta, Ia.: What a lovely time we had at School Girl's entertainment! I took my seat beside Marguerite; I think her little poem very lovely—but she had a dreamy, far-away look in her eyes, and I thought she was composing something sweet for us, so I did not talk much.

No, I did not even get to shake hands with Miss Prudence. She was surrounded by so many friends that were nearer and dearer than I, and I did not wish to intrude; but she gave me a bright smile across the crowd that made me entirely happy.

Will some one give their opinion of George Eliot's works? I have partly read Adam Bede, and did not like it, but her poem entitled The Legend of Jubal I thought deeply interesting. Jubal was the first composer of music. Hoping you all feel as happy over your outing as I do, I will leave you with the best of wishes.

Forest King, W. Va.: Oh, dear! it is such a dreary, lonesome old place away out in these West Virginia hills, especially on a rainy day, so here I am, and glad to be with you once more.

I think ours a grand old circle; I have compared it with others and find none so good, and not nearly so merry. In the future I mean to endeavor to live nearer to the motto than I have in the past. I heartily approve of Filia Agricola's suggested debate. It would benefit us, as well as be very interesting.

I have enjoyed the home descriptions very much. I live in a pretty little valley in the eastern part of the state; in nearly every direction the mountains loom in view and they present a grand sight. The valleys are dotted here and there with farmers' cottages. A few miles to the south lies the famous battleground where in 1863 Averell made his noble charge up Droop mountain, driving the Confederates from their stand. The breast-works are still visible.

If Forest King really entertains the kindly sentiment he professes to have for Miss Prudence, will he prove it by writing his next letter in more upright characters? A less interesting one would have been doomed to the waste basket, for the reason that the hand-writing was so difficult to read.

Hollis, Mich., writes: The last time I called I was entertained in the Cozy Corner; to-day, if you please, I should like to visit the Merry Go Rounds. Somehow, I believe I shall feel more at home with them. We have such pleasant times at the business meetings of our young people's society. After the business is disposed of we usually have light refreshments, ice cream and fruit in summer and popped corn in winter. Then we play games, trying to think of those that are lively and amusing, avoiding kissing games and dancing. Such games are a little hard to find. Will some one who knows any please describe them for me?

One that we had at the last meeting was played in this way: One person left the room, while the rest chose some object—a newspaper was one that we took—then when he came back he asked one of our number, "What is it like?" He was told that it was like a chest in the kitchen. On asking why, he was told "Because it has tea (T) in it." On asking another the answer was, "It is like you," because it has a good circulation. He went on thus from one to another, until he guessed from some one's answer what the object was, when the last person answering took his place. Other games that we play are: Cross Questions and Crooked Answer, and Bring Back What You Borrow. These are probably familiar to all of you.

## The Young Folks.

### BOBBY'S SOLILOQUY.

Little brother's come to town.
All the house awaking;
Things are tumbled upside down—
What a fuss they're making!
All the neighborhood's alive,
Visitors a-coming—
House as busy as a hive
With the bees a-humming.
'Cause a baby's come to us—
Such a funny little cuss.

Ma says baby's awful wise;
Goodness! what a whopper;
Papa's bald, but baby—pshaw!
Say, it's rough on popper!
Looks like pa—I had to laugh,
Sal had like to giggle
Pop he wasn't pleased by half,
I will bet a miggle.
Baby's hairless as a rat—
Pop he never looked like that!

Ma says baby's awful wise;
Course we all know better,
All it does is yells and cries,
Doesn't know a letter.
When it makes a noise like that,
Ma says, "Pins is sticking."
Precious dear! I tell you flat
I would take a lickin'.
When it's me the row begins
No one lays it up to pins.

Since the baby's come to town,
I can raise a clatter;
I can turn things upside down,
But it doesn't matter
Ma and pa don't hear or see,
Which is lucky, maybe;
No one gives a thought to me
Since ma got a baby.
Everything's in such a whirl—
But I'm glad it ain't a girl.

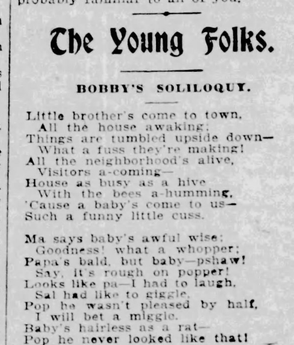
—Joseph Dana Miller in Harper's Bazar.

### TWO STORIES.

**Mary's Story.**

Oh, mother! I've had the most beautiful time! Stella's house is the loveliest place in the world. I wish you could see all the fine things.

There is such a splendid piano in the parlor, and Stella's mamma played to us, just the sweetest music you ever heard, I thought, but Stella didn't care anything about it. She takes music lessons and practices an hour a day, and



she hates it! Just think of it! I know I should love to learn to play on the piano.

You ought to see Stella's room, with all her books and playthings. I just wanted to sit down and read the whole time, but, of course, that wouldn't have been polite. Stella says she doesn't like to read! Isn't it strange? We played with the dolls, and they have trunks full of the most beautiful clothes, silk, satin and laces. Oh! you can't imagine.

It didn't seem any time at all till supper was ready and we went down stairs. dishes—I was almost afraid to handle them for fear I should break something. There was a servant to wait on the table, and Stella's mamma was dressed so nicely, and had on such sparkling rings, and her hands were so white and pretty.

I was afraid of her papa, for he didn't smile and look pleasant at us, but ate his supper and went out.

I was so sorry when 7 o'clock came and I had to come home. I think Stella ought to be the happiest little girl in the world.

**Stella's Story.**

Oh, mamma! I had the loveliest time! and Mary's home is just the pleasantest place!

Her mother is as kind as can be, and her grandmother is such a pleasant old lady, and oh! her baby brother is so cute, worth a thousand of my dolls.

We played in the attic, and it is the grandest playroom, such lots of things to dress up in and play keep house with, and there was such a splendid swing there, too.

The supper was the nicest I ever ate, baked sweet apples and brown bread and milk, and the most delicious punnpkin pie! I wish our cook could make things half as good.

After supper we sat on the rug before the fireplace and roasted apples. The room was so pleasant in the firelight, and Mary's grandmother sat there knitting, and her mother held the baby, while her father popped corn for us and cracked butternuts.

I heard such soft, sweet strains of music once in a while. Mary said it was an Aeolian harp her mother fixed in the window, only a thread of sewing silk and a couple of toothpicks. Think of it! The wind made just the sweetest music on it, better than any piano.

Her grandmother was just telling us the loveliest story when Josephine came for me. I did hate to come home. I think Mary must be the happiest girl in the world.—Mattie W. Baker, in Youth's Companion.

### OUR WONDER COLUMN

W. P. E. for September.

**Complete Set of Puzzles by Robert S. Walker.**

1.—WHO WAS HE?

He was born in a Prussian fortress in 1730; most of his childhood was spent in the soldiers' camps, and he joined the army at the age of 14. He was taken prisoner in Poland, and was a real hero of many European battlefields. He assisted the Americans during the Revolution, after which he received a pension and a tract of land from the government. He died in Oneida county, N. Y., in 1794.

2.—PRINTER'S PI.

"Tudeonica si het nagretino fo ropew."

3.—HALF SQUARE.

x x x x x x
x x x x x
x x x x
x x x
x x
x

1.—A place where dead bodies are exposed for identification.
2.—A plant of the genus Allium.
3.—The outer surface.
4.—The Supreme Being.
5.—A negative prefix of wide application.
6.—A vowel.

4.—ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Just 40 feet from the base of a monument 80 feet high a bird takes flight to the crest; but finding it too difficult to go directly to the point, it goes obliquely until it arrives on a level just 20 feet from the crest, when it turns abruptly and arrives at the apex. Find the distance which the bird traveled.

5.—QUERY.

Who was called "The Addison of the North?"

6.—QUOTATION.

Who wrote:
"But there's a sly, woe-working elf
Who lurks about youth's brink;
And sure dismay he brings away,
The elf, "I didn't think!"

**Answers to Puzzles of September 21.**

1.—Karl von Linne (or Linneaus).
2.—Rudyard Kipling.
3.—Bishop, Art, Carew, Handel, Bach.
4.—Words forming a diamond: M, cur, Coren, Murilla, relay, alt, O.
5.—The Mermaid's Glove is a sponge quite common in British seas, and is the largest of British sponges. It grows in deep water, and is sometimes two feet in height. It receives its name from the somewhat finger-like arrangement of its branches. It is not slimy, and has a very porous surface, though with myriads of minute, fragile, spiculae. Its color is yellowish.
6.—John Randolph wrote:
"I long not for the cherries on the tree
So much as those which on a lip I see.
And more affection bear I to the rose
That in a cheek, than in a garden grows."

**Chat.**

W. P. E. is banner puzzler for September, with Cora Fuller in second place, and Bonnie Burnie and Robt. S. Walker tied for third.

The Schoolmistress' appeal for puzzles has been answered most generously, and she hereby returns thanks to her pupils for their prompt assistance.

W. P. E. sends both answers and new work in spite of the fact that he has been "hors du combat" with rheumatism.

Elfa does better than that even, since he sends new work, though claiming to be "sick in bed with a broken neck."

The Schoolmistress hopes these two of her most promising pupils will "mend their condition" very soon.

Hawkeye sends new work and solutions, and is assured by the Schoolmistress that her "preliminary exam." is all right, and she is very welcome to the 'Cademy.

Robt. S. Walker also sends solutions and new work, and is going to try for the bannership.

New puzzles that are used count the author just as much as a puzzle solved. This month's reckoning has been based on one for each puzzle, but hereafter arithmetical problems will count two, and queries and quotations five each; all other puzzles will count one.

Besides the puzzlers mentioned above, solutions were received from Bonnie Burnie, G. W. B., and C. Oster.

Remember the Ohio Centenial, my children. What is the 'Cademy going to do to distinguesh itself then and there?

**Why Eye-Glasses Are Universally Worn.**

The question is often asked, particularly by those who can recall the customs and experiences of 25 years ago, "Why do so many persons nowadays wear glasses?" The answer is easy: "The increase in the number of spectacle wearers is not to be regarded as an evidence of modern degeneration of the eye, but rather that a long-felt necessity has been met." For it should be remembered that within the past quarter of a century much has been learned about the value of glasses, and the range of their application and usefulness has been enormously extended. Of course, the eyes need more help now than formerly, as the amount of work they are required to do is much greater than at any previous period in the world's history. The sewing machine and many other inventions of its class save the labor of the hands only to add to that required of the eyes. New employments, new amusements and new fashions are continually being introduced to increase the exactions laid upon these sensitive and delicate organs. The steady decrease of illiteracy, together with the general cheapening of literature and a spread of a taste for it, the enormous circulation of novel, magazine and newspaper, the ever-increasing use of artificial illumination, all combine to overtax the eyes, and to weaken or possibly destroy the sight unless the required aid and protection be supplied through every means at our disposal. Thus it happens that the sometime luxury of properly adapted glasses has come to be recognized and understood by very many of the present generation as one of the real necessities of their lives.—John S. Stewart, in May Lippincott's.

**The Beautifying Bath.**

It is not infrequently said that a daily bath is weakening. This is such a great mistake that it is difficult to understand how it is ever made. A daily bath is just as necessary to bodily purity as daily prayers are to soul purity, and it should be as conscientiously taken. In some place, and at some time that can not be recalled, this observation has come to my notice, and its truth made its impression a lasting one: "A lady bathes not to get clean, but to stay clean."

It is true that remaining too long in the bath may be weakening, but a quick bath in either very warm or even hot water, followed by a cold dash, has only good effects.

A refreshing and practical bath is one in moderately hot water with a little sea-salt in it—sea-salt is practical and cheap—pure white soap, a sponge and a cheese cloth wash rag. Cheese cloth is both practical and cheap, at the same time sufficiently rough to remove all dirt and not rough enough to scratch. The sponge must scrub the bath, and after the body is thoroughly dry, rubbing corn meal or bran over it makes the skin soft and velvety.

The use of a bag of bran instead of a wash rag is much favored by the French women for the softening effect it has upon the water and its tendency to make the skin delicately smooth and white. But no bath is perfect in its results unless followed by brisk and vigorous frictions of the hands or rubbing with a coarse towel.—Katharine Eggleston Junkermann in March Woman's Home Companion.

**TURN YOUR FACE TO THE LIGHT.**

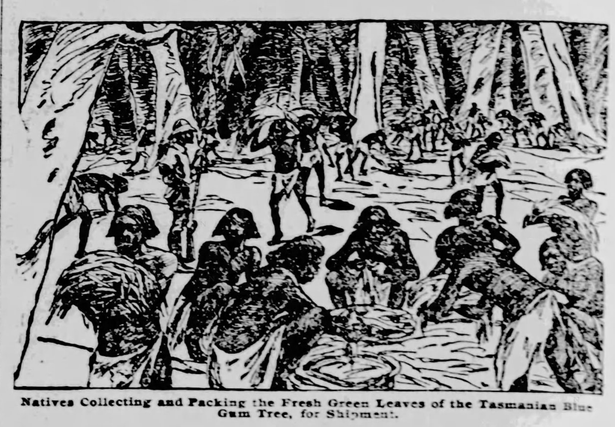
When the first flush of morn, Nature's slumbers surprising,
Uplifts the dark veil from the brow of the night;
When the day-star illumines the east at his rising,
The wakening world thrills anew with delight;
And the Spirit of Birth
O'er the quickening earth,
From the orient's bright glow
To the footh-hills below,
Stir's nature's great heart with its light.

Though it be but a rift on the storm-clouds around you;
The gleam of a star in the darkness of night;
Or the ray from a hope which in passing has fa-ded you;
The soft after-glow of the years in their flight;
Though it be but a thought
Which a sunbeam has caught;
Or a smile, undefiled,
In the eyes of a child,
Yet turn your face to its light.

—Beatrice Harlowe, in the September Woman's Home Companion.

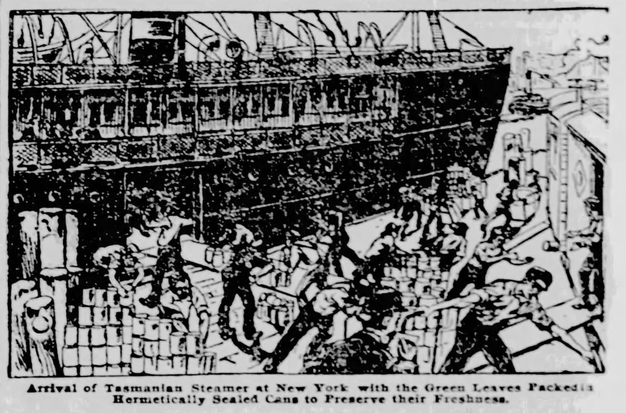

# A Revelation to Soap Users

## The First Toilet and Medicinal Soap Ever Made by the New Process.



Natives Collecting and Packing the Fresh Green Leaves of the Tasmanian Blue Gum Tree, for Shipment.

Method of Transporting the Fresh, Green Leaves of the Blue Gum Tree from the Interior to the Sea Coast.



Arrival of Tasmanian Steamer at New York with the Green Leaves Packed in Hermetically Sealed Cans to Preserve their Freshness.

## NO MORE DANGER TO BE FEARED

### From Rancid Oils, Diseased Fats, Grease or Dangerous Alkali.

## THE NEW SKIN SOAP

### Made from the Fresh, Green Leaves of the Tasmanian Blue Gum Tree.

Perhaps you have not given it a thought, but there has never been but one way of making soap; the base of all, from the commonest washing to the finest toilet, has always been the same, fats, grease or oil combined with an alkali. To be sure, different grades of these materials are used, delicate perfumes and medicament of some kind often added, but nine-tenths of every cake of soap made is composed of the above ingredients. In fact, it has always been thought that soap could not be made in any other way, and for this reason no physicians have ever recommended the use of any soap for the skin. As a general thing, they are made from cheap fats and grease collected by the street scavangers, and thrown out from houses in which all kinds of disease is prevalent, however, of late most of the oils used come from incinerating plants now erected near all large cities, where is burned the refuse collected from private houses, hotels and restaurants. Thousands of gallons are produced in this way every year and being too cheap for other uses is purchased almost exclusively by soapmakers. It is claimed that the heat used destroys all the germs of disease; but the medical profession assert the contrary, and state that the use of cheap soap accounts for most of the blotched and pimpled faces we see daily. One thing, at least, has been proven conclusively, that the dry and scaly skin with which so many persons are troubled is due to the use of alkali. However true it may be, the thought of using such products daily is not a pleasant one, and the discovery of a method by which soap can be made without these dangerous ingredients will be hailed with delight by all.

## HYOMEI ANTISEPTIC SKIN SOAP

Is the most perfect Toilet and Medicinal Soap ever known, and the first one to be manufactured by the new process. Made from the fresh, green leaves of the Tasmania Blue Gum Tree, and containing all its fragrant, well-known healing and antiseptic qualities, this soap will be a revelation to users, for it has no equal. It acts not only as a cleanser and preventive against disease, but cures all cutaneous affections in a short time. It gives a rich, creamy lather, an invigorating and refreshing odor, and leaves the skin soft, white and velvety.

HYOMEI ANTISEPTIC SKIN SOAP is sold by all druggists. Price 25c. If your druggist does not keep it, we will send it, postpaid, upon receipt of price. Send 2-cent stamp for postage and we will mail FREE sample cake.

THE R. T. BOOTH CO., 11 Washington St., Ithaca, N. Y.

$18,000 in Cash To be Given Away

On the fifteenth of next April to all agents sending 20 or more subscribers to

The Ladies' Home Journal
AND
The Saturday Evening Post

One thousand dollars to the agent sending the largest list—$750—$500—$400—and so on.

764 cash awards, together with the general fund of $3000, amounting to $18,000, will be given *in addition* to the agent's commission and the special rebates for large clubs.

Send for full particulars.

Profitable work all winter.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

# DEWEY'S WELCOME.

NOTHING LIKE IT EVER SEEN IN AMERICA BEFORE.

**The Naval Parade on Friday, and Welcome on Land on Saturday—Millions Shout for the Victor.**

New York, Sept. 30.—No Roman conqueror returned to his triumph of barbaric splendor; no victorious king or prince coming home from a successful war ever received such a magnificent ovation as overwhelmed Admiral Dewey yesterday as he stood on the bridge of the Olympia at the head of a magnificent fleet of steel thunderers of the deep, followed by a thousand vessels of peace, each tiered and coated black with people and sailed over the bright waters of the upper bay and up the broad pathway of the sunlit river, whose banks were gay with millions of flags and streamers dancing in the wind.

New York has never witnessed before anything approaching this wonderful, remarkable demonstration. The Columbian naval parade, the dedication of Grant's tomb and the reception of the North Atlantic squadron last fall all pale before this gigantic ovation to the sailor who in a single morning destroyed an enemy's fleet without the loss of a man or a ship.

It is not beyond the mark to say that three million people viewed the pageant from ashore, and a quarter of a million were afloat.

People who went down the bay were lost in admiration of the display of bunting along the water front. The East River from the bridge to the battery, where the sailing craft lay in groves, the spars were covered with such a mass of color as might be compared with a maple grown hillside in the deep autumn. The tall spars of the clippers were conspicuous for their ensigns and signals. Every craft in the harbor was decked out from stem to stern with all the grace and attractiveness known to shippers. But the display in East River was not to be compared with that of the North River, up which the procession was to pass. From the peaks of every pier long ropes strung with flags of every hue were stretched to the snubbing post at the corner, the fronts were decorated with the multitude of gay devices. There were flags on the staffs and lines of flags above the ropes.

The best place from which to view the marine panorama was naturally from the deck of the Olympia, and by the courtesy of Admiral Dewey an Associated Press representative was permitted aboard. Very early the fleet of steamships, steamboats, yachts and tugs which were to have a place in the line began moving down the bay to the allotted points where the several divisions were to form, but many of them could not resist the temptation to first visit the anchorage of the men-of-war off Tompkinsville, and before 11 o'clock the Olympia was surrounded by a perfect mob of every known kind of craft, all swarming with people, circling around, or pushing their noses close up under the ship to get a glimpse of the admiral pacing the quarter deck. The bands aboard the excursion boats played and the whistles and sirens of the other craft made the air hideous by their shrieks. They kept coming, coming in pairs and half dozens, until they lay a dozen deep, resisting the charges of the patrol boats in their determination to get up within shouting distance.

The officers of the fleet did not wear their showy uniform, but were attired in "special undress A," as is technically known in the navy. There were no gold epaulets, gold-bound beavers and clattering swords aboard. This was by the admiral's order and added but another to the many evidences of his unique modesty. A brother and the widow of Captain Gridley, who fought the Olympia in Manila Bay, Colonel Franklin Bartlett, former representative in Congress from New York, and an intimate personal friend of the admiral, together with three newspaper men, were the only civilians aboard. One of the naval guests was the engineer of the Olympia when it led the way past Corigdor islands. He was given three rousing cheers as he went forward to see the men. Soon after Admiral Dewey returned from the Sandy Hook, the wigwagger on the brig signaled the fleet to prepare to get under way. The gangways were hauled up and the booms rigged. An old quartermaster hurried a small dark roll of bunting to the main, hand over fist. It hung there while the bugle sounded the call to quarters, and the marines were mustered aft. Then, just as the signal to weigh was given, a pull on the halyards opened the roll and spread the four-starred flag which Farragut flew as he ran the fort in New Orleans. It was the flag which was presented to Admiral Dewey. As it broke sailors at their stations and the marines on the quarterdeck greeted it with the hip, hip, hooray we got from our ancestors. The flag floated proudly all through the pageant to-day. It is the most precious possession of Farragut's pupil and when it is struck on Monday it will probably be forever, as it is unlikely that Dewey will ever command another fleet.

It was exactly 1 o'clock, the hour fixed for the start, when the fleet, with anchors short home, began to move. The ships had swung to the flood tide and were pointing down stream, but with their twin screws they faced about as if on pivots and headed for the Hudson, followed by the long line of vessels in civic parade. When the ships had straightened out for their journey across the upper bay the spectacle they made will ever be treasured in the memory of those who saw it. In advance of the Olympia was a double line of patrol and fire boats. A lilliputian fleet to clear the way of unofficial trespassers. It did not require much persuasion, either, as the skippers had a wholesome respect for the steel ram of the mighty sea monsters. On the port beam of the Olympia was the escorting ship, Sandy Hook, with the mayor and other dignitaries aboard, and in her wake at intervals of 400 yards stretched out a mile long, were the great towering warships, the armored cruiser New York, the battleships Indiana and Massachusetts, the cruiser Brooklyn, second class battleship Texas, the old wooden frigate Lancaster, the gunboat Marietta, and the Chicago, the flagship of the South Atlantic squadron. Old Glory fluttered from each masthead and taffrail. On each quarter of the New York were the black low-lined torpedo boats, three on each flank. The rest of the procession tailed out for miles. Slowly and majestically the procession moved across the shiny waters. Admiral Dewey went on the after bridge as soon as the parade started and remained there throughout the parade, a heroic figure outlined against the skies. Upon the bridge most of the time was Colonel Bartlett, to whom he talked when he was not acknowledging the salutes or personally directing the movements of his immediate fleet, and the admiral gave close attention throughout the journey to everything that transpired on the vessel. Through his command the ensign was courtesied to vessels, and several times he ordered the crew to stand by to cheer in answer to some extraordinary demonstration. The guns of the Olympia spoke out but once until General Grant's tomb was reached. That was when they barked in answer to the deep baying of the guns of old Fort William, on Governor's island. Before the battery was reached hundreds of tugs and excursion boats had crowded in behind the patrol boats and stretched away rank upon rank, from the quarter of the Olympia. Their whistles were going continuously throughout the journey. The untold thousands who thronged the wharves and piers, who leaned from the windows and balconies and looked down from the dizzy heights of sky scrapers must have impressed the admiral greatly, but his modesty would not permit him to view it all as a personal ovation.

"Astonishing, astonishing!" he repeated several times to Col. Bartlett, but he said nothing of himself. As he looked behind him, with steam from the whistles and the smoke from the stacks blowing across the river, blending with the grey atmosphere, softened the scene and made the dim vistas through which the oncoming ships lay seem as if they stretched out forever. The waving of hundreds of thousands along the shore could be distinctly seen from the deck of the Olympia, but only occasionally were the sounds of cheers wafted from the crowds ashore. As a rule, perhaps, they were too much interested in the spectacle to venture vociferous applause; besides they were too far away to be heard by the admiral or the men on the cruisers, even if the terrific din of the craft in the river had not been kept up without intermission. The shrieking whistles were forever going, and when the fleet swept around the stakeboat above Grant's tomb, on Riverside Drive, and each ship had let go its booming salute, the concert that followed was soul-maddening—a mad, fantastic, nerve-destroying roar, that continued for almost ten minutes. So much steam was wasted that boats themselves were lost in their own vapor.

The parade at this point began to become disorganized, many pleasure craft leaving the line below and crowding so fiercely about the Olympia that she was manoeuvered with great difficulty. Excursion boats, loaded to the guards with people, were almost criminally reckless as they passed along, many of them listed so far that one whole side was buried deep while the other scarcely touched the water. The admiral was sometimes annoyed by the crowding of these craft, but he retained his equanimity through it all, bowing and removing his cap to the exulting and cheering crowds. It was not until all the warships had passed in review before the Olympia at anchor below the beautiful floats representing peace and victory, that the one incident of the day occurred, which showed that, with all his geniality, the hero of Manila could also be a very stern sailor.

## THE SECOND DAY.

**The Magnificent Civic Parade—Schley and Coghlan.**

New York, Sept. 30.—The second day of New York City's official welcome to Admiral Dewey opened cool and clear; there was hardly a cloud in the sky and the temperature was just low enough to keep the crowds on the move for warmth. Many people were out at sunrise to secure desirable points from which to view the parade, but Lower Broadway was well-filled with those who were anxious to have a look at Dewey on his way to city hall, whether they were to see the great parade or not.

The first ceremony to-day was the presentation at the city hall of a gold loving cup to the admiral by Mayor Van Wyck on behalf of the city of New York. At 7 o'clock the police boat Patrol, with a special reception committee on board made up of St. Clair McKelway, William M. Laffan, Oliver P. Morton, Chauncey M. Depew, Richard Croker and Warren M. Foster, started for the Olympia. The admiral boarded the Patrol, which steamer to the battery, where the city's guest was met by the following committee: William Berri, Gen. Francis V. Greene, James Stillman, John C. Calhoun, Edward Lauterbach, J. Q. A. Ward, Charles H. Knox, John H. Starin, Warner Van Norden, Justice W. W. Goodrich, Justice Charles M. Van Brunt and O. S. Cookney.

The admiral, accompanied by the reception committee and escorted by Squadron A and a detail of mounted police, proceeded up Broadway to the city hall. All along the street were cheering crowds and city hall park was filled to the limit with people, who shouted a noisy, enthusiastic welcome as Dewey came in sight.

It was 8:40 o'clock when the tread of cavalry was heard and the people in the mayor's office looked out to see Troop A, followed by the carriages with the admiral and the committee.

"Fall in after the mayor," shouted Secretary Downes, and Mayor Van Wyck and his secretary hastened to the platform where the presentation was to take place. The mayor had just reached the platform when Admiral Dewey came up stairs. The admiral walked over to the mayor, and with a hearty "good morning" shook him warmly by the hand.

Captain Lamberton, Lieutenant Brumby, with Chauncey M. Depew, Oliver P. Morton; then came the other officers from the Olympia.

By this time the military and naval officers in the mayor's office realized that Dewey had come, and they made a rush for the platform. There was danger of it being overcrowded, and Captain Copeland, of the city hall squad, closed the gates, shutting out Admiral Schley, Captain Coghlan, Captain Walker, Captain Dyer, Governor Roosevelt and other prominent persons who arrived a minute late.

Rear Admiral Schley climbed over the gate, and he was followed by the other naval officers, but Governor Roosevelt remained behind. One of his staff rushed up to Captain Coghland and whispered: "The governor feels slighted." The gate was opened again and Colonel Roosevelt took his place within the enclosure. Admiral Dewey evinced a desire to shake hands with all the naval officers, and introduce them to the mayor. He almost hugged Rear Admiral Schley, and he patted Captain Coghlan on the back. As Dewey greeted Schley the crowd sent up cheer after cheer for "Dewey and Schley."

As soon as the greetings were over the mayor began his speech, presenting the city's loving cup.

When the mayor had concluded Admiral Dewey began to reply by saying:

"It will be quite impossible for me, Mr. Mayor, to express in words——"

At this point he was interrupted with cheers, and he began again:

"It would be quite impossible for me to express in words how deeply I am moved by this—all these honors, one after the other—that beautiful cup, the freedom of the city, this great magnificent reception. I can not say what I want, but speaking for myself and the gallant squadron I had the honor to command at Manila, I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

After the formal ceremonies, Admiral Dewey went about shaking hands with his friends.

"Come here, all you captains," he said addressing the naval captains present. Then he introduced each to the audience present. "Captain Lamberton, of the Olympia," he cried; "Captain Wildes, of the Boston; Captain Compton, of the Raleigh, Captain Dyer, of the Baltimore; Captain Wood, of Petrel; Capt. Walker, of the Concord."

When the captains had all assembled, he waved his hand towards them, and said: "These are the men who did it. These are the men who should be thanked. Without them I could do nothing."

The trip up the Hudson on the Sandy Hook was without a hitch. The boat left the foot of Warren street at 9:50 o'clock, and arrived at the foot of 129th street at 10:35. Admiral Dewey was in fine spirits although he complained of a slight cold, and said he would wear his shoulder cape during the parade. Major General Miles was one of the first to greet him on the spot.

To General Miles the admiral said: "Miles, it's regular soldier weather, isn't it?"

"Not exactly," replied General Miles. "I'd call it real Dewey weather."

The voyage up the river was one continuous ovation, every sort of a craft whistle availing itself of the opportunity to salute the admiral. The head of the parade started from Grant's tomb at 11:15. Some little distance behind rode Major Roe, N. G., N. Y., followed by his staff. Then came Sousa's band playing a spirited air, and behind it was a battalion of sailors from the Olympia. Then followed the carriage containing Admiral Dewey, by whose side was seated the mayor of the city. In response to the cheers of the thousands of spectators the admiral bowed right and left.

Following were the carriages containing Admiral Dewey's relations, then those containing the personal staff of the admiral.

Then came Rear Admiral Howison's officers; then came the carriage containing Rear Admiral Sampson, followed by eight carriages containing the commanding officers of Admiral Sampson's fleet and staff of officers.

Rear Admiral John W. Philip, commandant of the navy yard; St. Clair McKelvey and Lieutenant Commander Kelley occupied the next carriage. Following came two carriages abreast containing the junior officers of the Olympia, and after them in the same formation carriage containing junior officers of the North Atlantic squadron. Carriages two abreast followed containing the visitors, including Governor Bushnell, of Ohio, and other governors.

Major Generals Miles and Merritt and others followed in carriages.

A long row of carriages followed containing the members of the municipal assembly, distinguished guests and visiting dignitaries.

The brigade of the North Atlantic fleet, commanded by Capt. Charles M. Thomas, followed. It was in seven battalions, and made an imposing appearance. It was composed of the sailors and marines of the New York, Indiana, Texas, Brooklyn and Lancaster.

A brigade of the regular army came next with West Point cadets at the head, and after them a battalion of engineers, two battalions of the Fifth Artillery, a battalion of the Seventh Artillery, a battalion of the Fifth Artillery, a battalion of the Seventh Artillery, a battalion of mounted artillery.

Following came the militia of the various states with that of New York in the van, commanded by Governor Roosevelt, with a squad as escort.

Following these, under the command of Major General O. O. Howard, with an escort from the various veteran societies, came the unarmed part of the parade. This was composed of eleven commands representing as many different associations. Then came the Sons of Veterans, followed by Union ex-prisoners of war, veterans of the Civil War not with any of the organizations, and veterans of the Spanish-American war, with Col. John Jacob Astor and staff and the Astor battery. Then followed several companies of volunteers of the Spanish-American war, the parade terminating with a heterogenous following of veterans, military and quasi-military associations.

It was a memorable progress of the victor of Manila from the tomb of the great general of the civil war to the triumphal arch erected in his own honor. The captains of the ships in the fight at Manila were cheered heartily as they passed, Captain Coghlan receiving perhaps a slightly larger share than the others, while his brother officers joined in the laugh always provoked.

Quite a demonstration in honor of Rear Admiral Schley was made at the starting point, and the cheers for him almost equalled those given to Dewey. He was kept busy lifting his hat and bowing an acknowledgement of the ovation he received.

Rear Admiral Philip was another favorite. His admonition to his men at the battle of Santiago "Don't cheer, boys, they are dying," uttered when the Spanish fleet was wrecked and sinking, was shouted at the bowing admiral.

Admiral Dewey arrived at the reviewing stand at Madison square at 1:45 o'clock. The enthusiasm and cheers that greeted his appearance with tremendous. Several times the crowds nearly broke through the police lines in their wild endeavor to get near the admiral. The police had expected the rush and succeeded in blocking it.

### PACIFIC CABLE

**Will Extend From San Francisco to Manila.**

New York, Oct. 2.—A special to the Herald from Washington says:

President McKinley has determined to urge again upon Congress the authorization of a trans-Pacific cable, and will be able to announce that a naval survey shows that the route selected is practicable. Surveys are now being made by the collier Nero under the command of Lieutenant Commander H. M. Hodges.

The authorities are confident that no obstacles exist that can prevent the laying of a cable from San Francisco to Manila, touching everywhere on American soil.

ACTS GENTLY ON THE
KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS
CLEANSES THE SYSTEM
EFFECTUALLY
DISPELS COLDS HEADACHES & FEVERS
OVERCOMES
PERMANENTLY
HABITUAL CONSTIPATION
TO GET
ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS.
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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE.

## WHAT DEWEY SAYS.

**The Filipinos Are Not Fit to Govern Themselves.**

New York, Sept. 27.—The Evening Post yesterday printed the following interview with Admiral Dewey:

"They are a splendid lot," the admiral said, speaking of his men; "the very pick, the finest in our navy, and that means the best in the world. Before I got to Manila, the archbishop, with whom I afterward became very intimate, said that the American sailors were the scum of the earth, a bloodthirsty lot of cutthroats, who would destroy everything in their path.

"Later on, when I did get there," said the admiral, with a knowing smile, "the archbishop came on board one day while I had a battalion at drill—the very same battalion that will parade in New York. The archbishop went on the bridge and watched them closely. I knew he was admiring them, and I said to him:

"'Well, what do you think of our American sailors?'

"'They are splendid,' he said. 'I have seen the men of most navies, but never anything like these. They are magnificent. I cannot understand it—such splendid young fellows! How does it happen?'

"'Well, said the admiral, 'we look for the best men, we come closer to our men, we treat them better than other countries do, and we pay them better.'

"Then I called a man and said to him: 'How much do you get a month?' He saluted and said: 'Eighty dollars, sir.' The archbishop was astonished. You know, $80 would pay a whole shipload of Spaniards. After that the archbishop had a very great respect for us, and became very friendly.

"I thought," said the admiral, "that this thing in the Philippines would be over long before this, as it should have been. Of course, there was the rainy season, and I suppose little was done. One great trouble is that there has been that Gen. Otis has tried to do too much. I told him so. He wants to be general governor, judge and everything else, to have hold of all the irons. No man can do this. This is the great trouble. It is enough for a man to do one thing, to be one thing, but when a man tries to do everything and to be everything, it is not hard to guess the result.

"The fight in the Philippines should be easily ended. The people have been so badly treated for such a long time by the Spaniards that they are distrustful. This is the great difficulty in dealing with them. Where we have met them and they have been in such contact with us as to learn that we mean to treat them well; where they have seen that we mean what we say there is no trouble. They stand by us all the time. All of them will learn this time. They will get from under the influence of Aguinaldo, or, rather, those people who are behind Aguinaldo, who, as I said before, is a mere tool.

"Do I think the Filipinos are fit for self-government? Well no; not just now. They probably will be in a little time. They are a very queer people—a very queer nature. Many of them are quite civilized and good people, but I do not think they are fit for self-government just yet. But when I say that, I must add at the same time that it is my candid opinion that they are more fitted for it than the Cubans, that they are a better people than the Cubans in every way. I do wish, however, that the whole business was settled, and I think that after a while the Filipinos will take kindly to us."

It was suggested to the admiral that the Democratic slate had been settled, with Admiral Dewey for the Presidency and Gen. Wheeler for the Vice Presidency.

"Well," said the admiral, "we should make a pretty mess of it. Gen. Wheeler, of course, has had some training in the political school, but then he is a West Pointer. I had forgotten that. He would want to run everything as he would a regiment, and, of course, would make a splendid mess of it. You cannot run a government as you would a regiment."

"Well, admiral," suggested the reporter, "it would not be such a change from the ship Olympia to the ship of state."

"Yes," said the admiral, "it would be a very great change. I am not a politician, I am a sailor. My training has been all that way. I am at home on board my ship. I know my business, or at least should know it, and I do not want to mix up in the affairs of government. I am perfectly satisfied to live and die a simple sailor, who tried to do his duty. I am not a politician. I cannot make a speech even if I wish I could, but I have to be content with my lot."

Some one said just then to the admiral that his son was reported to have made a statement to the effect that his father was a dyed-in-the-wool Republican.

The admiral laughed outright, and, turning around, pointed to a piece of wood lying on the deck some yards away, at the same time saying: "My son knows as much about what my politics are as that piece of stick."

"Orderly, go in my room and get that picture of General Luna," he said suddenly. "Luna," he resumed, "was killed by Aguinaldo's orderly while I was on my way back to the United States. The orderly was an expert swordsman, and, when Luna attempted to brush past him after the orderly had refused to let him pass, Luna was killed. He was one of Aguinaldo's best generals. Paterno, I should say, is the ablest of them now.

"Aguinaldo is nothing but a figurehead. He is only average in intelligence and ability. The brains are back of him. In Manila he is held at this true worth, and there they know who is responsible for what successes, if any, have attended the efforts of the Filipinos to rebel against our government. Aguinaldo was only a clerk in the navy yard at Manila before he took the field against the Spanish. The men who actually have the most influence among the Filipinos are a number of lawyers who are unquestionably able men.

"I have a fine cane, made of native wood and trimmed with gold, that was presented to me by Aguinaldo. We were quite friendly before the insurgents became our enemies. So far as that goes, we are friends yet," and Dewey gave a quizzical smile.

The photograph of General Luna, a typical Filipino, with a decided strain of negro in appearance, bore on its back an inscription written by the Archbishop of Manila, Bernadino Nesaleda.

The admiral would not say a word about the alleged interference of the German admiral, Diederich, at Manila.

### GEN. SHAFTER.

**The Old Pecos Fighter Expects to be Retired in October.**

Charlotte, Mich., Sept. 30.—Jerome Chapin, of this city, has received a letter from General Shafter in which the latter says: "I expect to go on the retired list next month unless the President sees fit to retain me in the volunteer ranks, of which I understand there has been no talk. I have not asked it, however, and I'm not going to, but simply take it as it comes."

### AMOS L. ALLEN.

**Reed's Former Private Secretary Will Succeed the Czar.**

Portland, Me., Sept. 28.—Amos L. Allen, formerly private secretary to Thomas B. Reed, was nominated for congress by the Republicans of the First Maine district in convention here to-day. In his speech of acceptance he came out squarely for supporting the prosecution of the war in the Philippines.

### Strikes Over.

Havana, Sept. 28.—All the strikes, with the exception of that instituted by the masons, are over. A few of the leaders are still in jail, but they will probably be released to-day.

The Patria to-day endorses the proclamation issued by Governor General Ludlow. It says the words are hard but are necessary. It confesses that the ill-advised action of the strike leaders justified the issuance of the proclamation

WEAK LUNGS AND WASTING AWAY THE BANE OF WOMANHOOD.

THE FAMOUS SLOCUM TREATMENT CURING THOUSANDS IN EVERY STATE.

FREE TO EVERY READER OF THE TOLEDO BLADE

Thousands of women are wasting away day by day, week by week, month by month, through anxiety, overwork and motherhood.

Their once robust constitutions have been overtaxed, and the wasting away process has thrown them into decline.

From 150 pounds to the last bed of sickness, from which all hope has fled, is but a step or two.

How important, then, to check the consumptive germs in time!

Everyone who has weak lungs, who has a cough that does not ment, who has asthma, catarrh, or pulmonary trouble, the grip or its after effects, should without delay send for a full course of Dr. Slocum's famous FREE treatment which is sent free to all who apply.

Delay means but one ending—consumption.

Since the wonderful discoveries of Dr. Slocum have been brought to the attention of the medical world, the death rate has been greatly reduced.

Not only will the Slocum system of treatment cure all lung and pulmonary diseases, but even consumption itself, as has been proven by thousands of prominent physicians.

No matter how deep seated the ailment, Dr. Slocum can cure it.

Mrs. Julia Glover, Easley, S. C., says: "I contracted consumption in January, 1898. Three physicians failed to help me. Night sweats reduced me to skin and bone. Wrecked. After trying almost every means for getting well, I finally sent for a free course of treatment from Dr. Slocum, and it entirely cured me. To-day I weigh 191 pounds, and am a living example of the wonderful miracles he is performing everywhere."

The Slocum treatment kills the deadly bacilli, imparts vigor to the body, and makes firm, healthy flesh.

In a word, it strengthens and builds up, making men, women and children stout and healthy when all other means have failed.

Now that the raw winds of fall and winter are at hand, Dr. Slocum proposes to further demonstrate his wonderful triumph by sending to every suffering reader of The Toledo Blade a Full Free course of the Four Preparations comprising the treatment.

Simply send your postoffice and express address, stating that you read the article in The Toledo Blade, and the Free Course will reach you without delay.

WRITE THE DOCTOR.

Write Dr. T. A. Slocum, 98 Pine street, New York, where his great laboratories and correspondence-consulting offices are located.

When in doubt as to your disease, or in need of advice, write the Doctor freely, and you will be told what to do.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Slocum Treatment is medicine reduced to an exact science, and this is an honest, straightforward offer made by the world's most famous physician. All readers of The Toledo Blade anxious regarding the health of themselves, children, relatives or friends, can have Four Free Preparations, with complete directions for use in any case, by sending full address to Dr. Slocum's Laboratory, New York City.

## VENEZUELA REVOLUTION.

**Government Forces of Venezuela Beaten in Several Battles.**

Washington, Sept. 29.—The State department has received a despatch from the United States consul at Puerto Cabello, Venezuela, under date of the 13th inst., in which he gives a summary of the several encounters between the government and rebel forces in that country. The first encounter between the forces of Rebel General Castro and those of the Venezuelan government occurred near the city of San Christobal, near the Colombian boundary line. The government forces engaged consisted of between 400 and 500 men under the command of Gen. Lepoldo Sarria. The rebel force was considerably larger, but the actual number is not known. The rebels defeated the government troops and captured their leader, General Sarria.

The second battle was in San Christobal. The one thousand troops of the government, commanded by General Penalosa, engaged 2,000 rebel troops commanded by General Castro, eight or nine days, resulting in General Castro withdrawing his men, he having learned that General Fernandez was on his way there with about 7,000 troops of the government.

The third battle was before and in the town of El Cobre. Report has it that the rebels here defeated 1,500 government troops under the command of General Morales and that the general succeeded in escaping with but 72 men and the ammunition. The fourth encounter took place at Lumbador Mountain, where General Weidmann with 2,500 government troops tried to stop the march of the rebels reported to be 2,000 strong; the fight is reported to have ended in a draw both sides claiming a victory; at any rate General Castro continued his march.

At the town of Cordero General Castro was attacked by nearly 5,000 government troops under General Fernandez. His force then consisted of about 3,000 men. A terrible battle was fought, reports placing the loss of the government at 1,500 dead and wounded, that of the rebels is unknown, but it is thought to be less as their position during the battle was superior. Again both claim a victory. After the battle the rebels marched to the town of Tover. In this place the rebels fought and dispersed, so it is said, 800 government troops under Gen. Suplicio Guiterrez, and captured arms, ammunition and supplies.

At Arenales were massed, according to report, nearly 3,800 government troops, commanded by Generals Torrez, Aular, Guevara and Planes. Yet, if reports be true the rebel chief defeated them and captured many rifles and much ammunition.

In Barquisime General Suarez had about 1,000 government troops entrenched behind strong fortifications, but the rebel forces did not attack.

At the time of writing the consul states that the rebel forces at Bejuma report saying that General Castro is resting his troops and animals before marching to Valencia.

Washington, Sept. 29.—The Navy department has received the following cablegram from Captain Hemphill, commander of the United States steamship Detroit:

Puerto Cabello, Venezuela, Sept. 28.

Sailed for Curacoa, West Indies. I have arranged to keep in communication with consul. Can get back in ten hours after notice has been received. Rumors are current that Castro (the insurgent leader) has established a provincial government at Valencia, and that the Venezuelan government is treating with him. The Venezuelan troops at Puerto Cabello have been reinforced about 255 men. Affairs look more settled. Business being resumed. (signed) HEMPHILL.

New York, Sept. 29.—A dispatch to the Herald from Caracas says:

Thursday Martin Sanavria, president of the cassation court; Gen. Fonseca, Ortega Martinez, and others, were banished by the government. Apparently the hostile forces are on the eve of a great battle. Negotiations for peace have failed.

### WRECK OF THE SCOTSMAN.

**Survivors of the Ill-Fated Steamer Suffered Terrible Hardships.**

Rimouski, Que., Sept. 29.—The steamer Montfort, carrying 249 of the passengers of the wrecked steamer Scotsman, has arrived here, bringing the news that eleven of the Scotsman's passengers were drowned. The wreck occurred at Change island, eight days ago. The steamer Monterey took off nine steerage passengers and 45 of the crew, and 56 second-class and steerage passengers were left on the island.

Those drowned and known were: Mrs. Robertson, wife of the manager of the Sunlight Soap company, of Montreal; Miss Robertson, daughter; Mrs. Childs, wife of the manager of the Sign of the Cross company, which was on board; Miss Street, of Montreal; Mrs. Dickson, of Windsor, Ont., wife of a former editor of the Toronto Globe; Mrs R. Weaver, Mrs. Talbot, Mrs. Skedon and an infant of Mrs. Robertson, all of Montreal.

The people who were left on the island are now on their way to Liverpool and the others will arrive at Rimouski by steamer Germanica. The Scotsman struck at 2:30 Friday morning last and the people on board since that time have suffered untold hardships.

Montreal, Que., Oct. 2.—Twenty-three members of the Scotsman's crew were arrested yesterday laden with plunder they had seized and stolen from the terrified women and children and other passengers of the ill-fated vessel. They arrived in Montreal on the steamer Montfort. On the wharf, waiting to receive them, were 20 police officers. The policemen were kept concealed until the gangways were alongside, when they suddenly swarmed on board and rounded up the Scotsman's crew. It was done so quickly that the men had no opportunity of ridding themselves of any traces of guilt. Half a dozen patrol wagons were waiting alongside, and into these the sailors were hustled amid the jeers and hisses of a large crowd which had gathered.

"Throw them into the river," was the cry that went up. Had it not been for the presence of the police the threat would probably have been carried into effect. The men were taken to the central police station and there searched. When the search was ended there remained not the slightest doubt of the pillage and violence told by the unlucky passengers of the Scotsman.

Among the goods found were diamond rings, watches, brooches, bracelets, chains, ear rings, jewelry of every kind, ladies' dresses, silks and satins, men's wearing apparel and even a ladie's sealskin sack was discovered in the bundle of one of the men. Private papers were even included in the prey. The will of a Mr. Lester was taken from one man. On another was found a handsome and costly locket, on which was engraved the name of a woman who is numbered among the dead. The value of the articles recovered is placed at $3,000. Some of the men denied having anything in their possession. One man who did so had $200 worth of jewelry sewed in the inside of his underwear. Others were quite frank and handed out what they had without hesitation.

Judging by the stories told by some of these men, the rocks on the morning after the wreck were strewn with jewelry and wearing apparel.

The Grecian came in about noon, and from her the police took nine cattlemen who were on the Scotsman. Upon one man only was anything of an incriminating nature found. The Ottoman, which is due here to-morrow, has 26 of the crew on board, and the police expect another haul. It is given as a reason why more stolen jewelry was not found on the sailors from the Grecian that when the ship touched at Quebec half a dozen policemen in uniform boarded her and that the thieves took alarm and threw their plunder overboard. A diver was sent down this morning to search the bottom where the ship lay.

Liverpool, Oct. 2.—On arrival here today from Queenstown, twelve firemen of the British steamer Scotsman, which was wrecked September 21, in the Straits of Belle Isle, while bound from Liverpool to Montreal, were arrested on the charge of looting the passengers' cabins on board the Scotsman.

### A LUMBER BOOM.

**Thousands of Men Employed at Double Wages.**

Duluth, Oct. 2.—If winter conditions are favorable, there will be a crop of pine logs in the Duluth district the coming season of not far from 800,000,000 feet, more than will be cut in any other white pine logging district in the United States. Not far from 35,000 men will be engaged in this work, as well as thousands of horses and oxen. The wages to be paid these men are double those of the winter of 1897-8, and will average more than $30 a month and board. Owing to the higher cost of wages, food, feed for animals and all supplies, the cost of logging will exceed that of the recent years by at least $2 a thousand feet, and the price of lumber must reflect this advance another year, either in a direct advance or in a lessened profit to manufacturers and shippers.

How great the demand for lumber from this district for eastern shipment has been this season is shown by the fact that though the cut of the Duluth district for this summer is about 750,000,000 feet, it has been impossible for a month or more to secure any but the smallest lots of odds and ends, and from the further fact that stock that is usually considered worthless and goes to the sawmill is now being sold at from $4 to $5 a thousand feet. What are now called "three-man boards,"—from the fact that it takes about three men to lift one to prevent its falling to pieces—are now selling at profitable figures.

This wonderful demand, which is so sudden that the manufacturers have not been able to make ready for it, has not been the result of increased demand in the building trades, but has resulted chiefly from the enormous demand for boxes, all sorts of packing cases, and also to the increased shipments of all sorts of manufactured goods. In many lines of business, especially those of the dry goods, the piano and carriage-maker, the exporter of goods boxed, from locomotives to canned stuff, there has been an increase of six and seven fold in the demand for boxes over one and two years ago. At the present time there are on docks at this end of Lake Superior ten cargoes of lumber sold and waiting shipment for every one ship in the trade, and millions of feet of sawn lumber needed by the yardmen of New York and New England, the Michigan peninsula and Chicago will not be sent forward this fall simply because tonnage cannot be got for its transportation.

With the expected increase of building operations in the west another year, the demand for lumber is likely to be as good next season as this, and there is practically no possibility of an overproduction. In 1892 the three white pine states—Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin—were cutting at the rate of 7,000,000,000 feet annually, which they had six years later reduced to 5,500,000,000. To-day the country is back on the basis of consumption of 1892, and the basis of production of 1898, and it will take some time to make up the difference of 1,500,000,000 feet. The forests of Michigan and Wisconsin are now so nearly exhausted that they can never make it up, and the entire burden will rest on the Duluth and Minneapolis districts, in Minnesota. For the next ten years these two districts can probably produce as much pine as they are now cutting. At that time the end of the white pine timber of the United States will be in sight and not far away.

### THE DEWEY ARCH.

**Movement to Put It in Marble Has Been Inaugurated.**

New York, Sept. 29.—Following the suggestion that the Dewey arch be made permanent in marble and bronze, prominent citizens have joined in a cause to rear an arch that shall be in lasting commemoration not only of Dewey and Manila, but of the heroes and engagements of the American navy. Among those who have given their assurance of support are ex-Vice President Levi P. Morton, ex-Secretary of the Interior Cornelius N. Bliss, ex-Secretary of War Daniel S. Lamont, J. Pierpont Morgan, Anson R. Flower and Jefferson Seligman.

Informal meetings have been held, but no organization has been affected yet. A meeting will be held next week for organization.

Such an arch as that suggested, it is estimated, will cost $1,500,000. One of the promoters is said to have offered a check for $50,000.

### COGHLAN AND DEWEY.

**They Meet Again on Board the Olympia.**

New York, Sept. 29.—One of the personal friendships that Admiral Dewey renewed aboard the Olympia yesterday was that with Captain Joseph B. Coghlan, who commanded the Raleigh at Manila and is now commandant of the Port Orchard, Wash., naval station.

Captain Coghlan was one of Governor Roosevelt's guests, and when he climbed to the head of the gangway the admiral rushed over to the gangway, grasping him by the hand, he exclaimed: "Why, Joe, how well you are looking." And then he went on, with twinkling eyes: "What's this I have heard about your learning to sing?" Then seizing the captain's shoulders he shook him as if chiding him, and the captain laughed heartily at the admiral's reference to Coghlan's "Hoch Der Kaiser" song.

### HUMANE OFFICER INTERFERED.

**Rich Parents Forced to Put Long Stockings on a Child.**

New Haven, Conn., Sept. 28.—The Humane society of Connecticut threatened to arrest a wealthy New Yorker yesterday if he did not substitute long stockings for the fashionable low kilts worn by his daughter 8 years old. Attorney Moyle, the society's agent, had his attention called to the little girl, who had on the fashionable short stockings that are worn by children that reached about an inch above her shoes, the rest of her legs being bare to the cold September wind.

The parents of the girl, George F. Fleurot and his wife, wealthy New Yorkers, stopping with their maid at a local hotel, were threatened with arrest by the attorney if they did not provide long warm stockings for the child. After indignant protests at the police office they did as ordered.

### M'KINLEY' COUSIN.

**Killed by an Explosion of Giant Powder Yesterday.**

Deadwood, S. D., Sept. 30.—W. C. Lynn, first cousin of President McKinley, was killed yesterday in his cabin, in the Galena mining district, nine miles southwest of here, by an explosion of giant powder, which he had placed beside the stove to thaw out. He lived only a few minutes, his right side being blown away.

Lynn came to the Black Hills in 1876, and was a messenger for a long time in the northwestern stage coach, between Pierre and the Black Hills. He was known as the tallest man in the hills, being six feet and four inches in height.

He leaves a widow and two daughters.

### AMERICAN MULES.

**British Agent is Negotiating for One Thousand.**

St. Louis, Sept. 29.—For the past three weeks negotiations have been pending between agents of the British government and St. Louis dealers for 3,000 of the finest pack mules that can be secured, to be shipped to South Africa, via New Orleans. Major H. J. Scobell, of the British army, will arrive here to-morrow to look after the shipment of the animals, which dealers say can be supplied in a few days.

### L. F. M'KINLEY.

**Democrats of the First Maine District Nominate Him.**

Portland, Me., Sept. 29.—The Democrats of the First Maine Congressional district yesterday nominated Luther F. McKinney, of Bridgeton, for the seat made vacant by the resignation of Thomas B. Reed. Mr. McKinney is a former Ohio man

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ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
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## WASHINGTON.

### HAWAIIAN SLAVERY.

**Attorney Gear is Referred to the Attorney General.**

Washington, Sept. 28.—Mr. Gear, the Hawaiian attorney, who came to Washington to petition the President to cause the Hawaiian supreme court to observe the constitution of the United States, has been referred to Attorney-General Griggs, who has the legal authority to pass upon the application. Nevertheless, the officials who have looked into the merits of his application are confident that it will not be granted. There will be no interference with the Hawaiian supreme court, it is said, except the issue is forced upon the administration, and in view of the approach of the next session of congress, it is deemed well to let the whole matter remain for treatment by the legislative branch.

Mr. Gear's efforts were induced largely by a desire to secure relief for a large number of coolie laborers, who were being kept in a state of slavery, according to the attorney. There is incidentally involved, however, a much graver question, namely, the lives of several persons under sentence of death pronounced by the Hawaiian tribunals. Under the law of the islands a majority of a court is competent to find a sentence of death. This is in conflict with our practice and with the constitution itself, in the opinion of the attorney. If the administration is moved to interfere at all, it will be solely from consideration of these people, and it is possible that the issue, which it is regarded as highly essential to avert, can be escaped by inducing President Dole to reprieve the criminals for a period of time sufficient to carry them along until congress prescribes a regular system of government.

### SEPTEMBER SURPLUS.

**Government Receipts and Expenditures for the Month.**

Washington, Oct. 3.—The comparative statement of the receipts and expenditures of the United States during the month of September shows that the total receipts were $45,334,144, and the expenditures, $37,579,372, which leaves a surplus for the month of $8,754,772. The receipts from customs were $19,120,357, against $16,759,574 for September, 1898.

Internal revenue, $24,364,501, against $21,555,288 for September, 1898. Miscellaneous, $1,849,194, against $1,463,207 for September, 1898.

For the last three months, the receipts were $125,407,886, against $184,748,114 for the same period in 1898. The expenditures charged against the war department during September were $10,541,515, as compared with $24,643,374 for September last year.

For the navy department, $4,757,853, against $7,231,219 for September last year.

### CENSUS QUESTIONS

**Wont be as Embarrassing Next Year as in 1890.**

Washington, Sept. 29.—Ex-Governor Merriam, the director of the census, has had several conferences at the White House recently as to matters pertaining to his bureau. Among these, it is said, is the subject of questions which are to be propounded to the 70,000,000 people of the country next June. They have been decided upon by Director Merriam, and will soon be printed. They have met with the approval of the President, it is said.

In general the endeavor has been to make the questions simpler than before and to reduce their number. This is in accord with the views of the census committee of the two houses of Congress. Several of the questions which aroused the most antagonism in 1890 have been omitted altogether.

The chief of these was the inquiry of each person whether he or she had any acute or chronic disease.

### PLENTY OF MONEY.

**Great Increase in Circulation as Compared With Last Year.**

Washington, Oct. 2.—The monthly statement of the comptroller of the currency shows that the total circulation of national bank notes on September 30, 1899, was $243,290,128, an increase for the year of $7,933,178, and an increase for the month of $1,218,336.

The circulation based on United States bonds was $207,314,173, an increase for the year of $2,258,110, and an increase for the month of $1,140,824. The circulation secured by lawful money amounted to $35,975,950, an increase for the year of $5,675,068, and an increase for the month of $77,512. The amount of United States registered bonds on deposit to secure circulating notes was $231,515,510, and to secure public deposits $70,864,940.

## ANGLO-VENEZUELAN CASE.

**The Boundary Arbitration Commission Makes Its Award.**

Paris, Oct. 3.—By the decision of the Anglo-Venesuelan boundary arbitration commission some of Great Britain's claims as to the interior and the coast are disallowed. Her frontier will start at the Waini river.

The award was unanimous. It is considered in the nature of a compromise, rather than as favoring Venezuela. It was read at 12:05 p. m.

The decision, which was read by M. F. De Marteins, the umpire, who has presided over the deliberations of the tribunal, is as follows:

"The undersigned, by these presents, give and publish our decision determining and judging, touching and concerning the questions that have been submitted to us by said arbitration; and, in conformity with said arbitration, we decide, declare and pronounce definitely that the line of frontier of the colony of British Guiana and the United States of Venezuela is as follows:

"Starting on the coast at Point Playa, the frontier shall follow a straight line to the confluence of the Barima and the Maruima; thence following the Thaweg of the later to the source of the Corentin, otherwise called the Cutari river; thence it shall proceed to the confluence of the Haiowa and the Amakuru; thence, following the Thalweg of the Amakuru to its source in the plain of Imataka; thence in a southwesterly direction along the highest ridge of the Imataka mountains to the highest point of the Imataka chain, opposite the source of the Barima and the principal chain of the Imataka mountains; thence in a southwest direction to the source of the Acarabisi. Following the Thalweg of the Acarabisi to the Cuyuni, the northern bank of which it shall follow in a westerly direction to the confluence of the Cuyuni and the Vanamu; thence in a straight line to the summit of Mount Naraima; thence to the source of the Cottinga. From this point the frontier shall follow the Thalweg of the Cottinga to its confluence with the Takutu; thence along the Thalweg of the Takutu to its source; thence in a straight line to the most western point of the Akarai mountains, the highest ridge of which it shall follow to the source of the Corentin, whence it will follow the course of the river.

### Royally Received.

San Francisco, Oct. 3.—The Twenty-eighth infantry arrived here yesterday from Camp Meade. The soldiers were given a fine reception.

## FIGHTING BELOW BACOOR.

**General Lawton Takes the Field in Person.**

Manila, Oct. 3.—The Fourth infantry regiment, Maj. Price commanding, has had a series of encounters with the insurgents about Imus since Saturday. The natives, led, it is supposed by a former mayor of Imus, made a general attack upon the American lines from Imus to Bacoor. A captain and a corporal of the American forces were killed and ight men wounded. A Filipino colonel is known to be killed.

Watson to send two gunboats to his support. The fighting began on Saturday, when Capt. Brown took the same battalion that distinguished itself at Perez Das Marinas, and Lieut. Knabenshue's scouts against a large force of insurgents on the Perez Das Marinas road, and a general engagement followed. The Americans, lying in the mud in the rice fields, kept up a fire for an hour and a half, when reinforcements were sent to them, until seven companies were engaged. The insurgents retreated.

During the engagements, three Americans were wounded.

The fighting yesterday began with an attack by the insurgents on a party employed in repairing the telegraph lines, one member of which was wounded.

Gen. Alejandrino and two other Filipino envoys, who accompanied him, returned to Angeles by special train.

Lieut. Knabenshue, of the 4th infantry, is in command of a picked body of scouts, composed of the best shots in his regiment. His home is in Toledo.

### LAWTON IS MOVING.

**Will Clear the Country Between Bacoor and Imus.**

Bacoor, Luzon, Oct. 3.—General Lawton came to Bacoor this morning and organized a general movement to clear up the country between Imus and Bacoor, taking personal command.

Gen. Lawton's force consists of all the troops from Bacoor and Zapote, five companies of the 4th regiment, Col. Bagget commanding, Megrath's troops of the 4th cavalry, Reilly's battery of two guns, and another battery of two guns.

Gen. Fred Grant is co-operating with a force composed of three companies of the 4th regiment, Major Price commanding. Knabenshue's scouts and one gun.

Gen. Lawton's force crossed the river south of Bacoor, a part of the troops using small boats. A hundred marines from the fleet are assisting.

The American losses yesterday in the fighting with the insurgents at Imus were a captain of the Fourteenth regiment and a corporal of the regimental signal corpse killed, and three men of the Fourteenth regiment and three of the Fourth wounded.

### CAPTURE OF PORAC.

**General Wheeler's First Fight in the Philippines.**

Manila, Sept. 28.—10:10 a. m.—The movement against Porac, about eight miles from Bacolor, in Pampanga province, which began at daybreak this morning is conducted personally by Gen. MacArthur. General Wheeler, with the 9th regiment and a battery, is advancing by two roads, while Gen. Wheaton, commanding the 12th and 17th regiments, is moving to block the insurgents from retreating to the north. The 36th regiment accompanies Gen. MacArthur.

3:50 p. m.—Gen. MacArthur entered Porac after half an hour's fighting. The American loss was slight, and the insurgent loss is not known. The enemy fled northward. When the Americans entered the town, they found it entirely deserted.

The attacking party moved on Porac in two columns. The Ninth infantry, with two guns from Santa Rita, was commanded by Gen. Wheeler, and the Thirty-sixth infantry, under Col. Bell, with one gun, accompanied Gen. MacArthur from San Antonio.

Both columns struck the town at 9 o'clock and opened a brisk fire, which was replied to by the enemy for half an hour. Then the insurgents fled and the Americans marched over their trenches and took possession of the place.

Just before the fight, Smith's command, at Angeles, made a demonstration by firing artillery up the railroad track. Liscum reported one casualty, and Bell reported four men of his regiment wounded. The artillery did not have any men injured.

To-day's movement was a strategical success and resulted in the possession of Porac and the clearing of several miles of country thereabout.

The two columns, one from Santa Rita and the other from San Antonio, united before Porac, according to program, stretched around the place for some miles. The insurgents are estimated to have numbered 600 men. Ten dead Filipinos were found and the captain and commissary of Mascarno's command were taken prisoners.

The American loss is five wounded, but there were many prostrations from the heat.

Englishmen from the insurgents' lines report that the Filipinos at Bamban have 7,000 new Japanese rifles.

Two Filipino majors came to the American lines last night with messages regarding the American prisoners who were to arrive this morning. They also requested permission for Gen. Alejandrino, one colonel and two lieutenant colonels to visit Gen. Otis. They were refused entrance to the American lines until noon Friday on account of to-day's fight and Gen. Alejandrino alone will be allowed to visit Gen. Otis.

The insurgents recently entrenched and garrisoned the town of Paeto, on Laguna de Bay, in the province of Laguna. Subsequently, Capt. Larsen, commanding the gunboat Napidan, landed for a conference with the citizens. As he was proceeding up the main street of the town with a squad he was received with a volley from a hidden trench. The party retreated to their boat under cover of the buildings and regained their vessel. The Nanidan then bombarded the trench for an hour, completely destroying it.

Washington, Sept. 29.—General Otis to-day cabled the following report of the capture of Porac:

"Lawton's troops at Calumpit, and San Fernando, where concentration taking place, ordered to cover country Mexico, Guagua, Bacolor and Santa Rita, Mac. Arthur ordered to take his troops and clear country west and in vicinity of Porac, which he did yesterday, advancing on Porac at an early hour with Ninth Infantry and Thirty-sixth Volunteers, capturing Porac and driving enemy north. Wheaton, at Angeles, kept back enemy on his north and moved force westward to interrupt Porac insurgents, but they retreated by mountain roads, results clearing the country preparatory to future operation. Our casualties at Porac, five wounded. Wheaton does not report any casualties. Captured one officer and several enlisted men; some 20 enemy killed; number wounded unknown."

### PEOPLE OF MALABON

**In Danger of Being Slaughtered by Natives.**

Manila, Sept. 27.—6:12 p. m.—The insurgents are trying to incite the natives of Malabon, a city of 30,000 inhabitants, five miles from Manila, to rise against the American garrison. Capt. Allen has been holding the place with two companies of the 16th infantry; but, on account of the need of all the available men at the front, his force has been reduced to 70 men. They now remain near the big church where they are quartered, being too few in number to attempt to patrol the town. Armed, uniformed parties of insurgents recently disembarked from cascoes during the night, collected money for the insurrection and preached revolt.

Malabon has been made the shipping point whence provisions and other stuff are brought from Manila by trains and shipped into the hostile territory.

The insurgents seem to be trying to make their good treatment of the American prisoners a card by which to gain outside sympathy. Two Englishmen who have arrived here report that the Americans are treated like guests. They are fed on the best the country affords. A Filipino paper says that on the occasion of a recent fete at Vittoria in celebration of a mythical Filipino victory, the American prisoners there were given the freedom of the town. The Englishmen also say the Filipinos have offered all the Americans commissions in their army and that three of them accepted. This is not believed.

American officers north of Manila tell the correspondents of the Associated Press that Aguinaldo is attempting to enforce good government after the American fashion, ordering his soldiers to suppress a band of robbers, three of whom were executed at Mariquima. He has also prohibited gambling in the villages under his control. Caterno, the president of the so-called Filipino cabinet, has fallen into disfavor among the Filipinos on account of his peace proclivities. They suspect him of planning to repeat his treachery for the former insurrection.

### PRISONERS GIVEN UP.

**Insurgent Troops in Eastern Mindanao Wish to Surrender.**

Manila, Sept. 30—8:30 p. m.—Fourteen American prisoners, all enlisted soldiers, have been delivered up by the Filipinos.

It is reported from Iloilo that the Tagals have arrested Virayan, a general, charging him with being a traitor. Tribal discord, it is added, is growing. Many of the rebel soldiers have revolted, many prisoners escaping in the meanwhile.

### OTIS WONT TREAT.

**He Will Recognize Nothing but the White Flag.**

Washington, Oct. 2.—A dispatch from Gen. Otis was received at the war department this morning giving an account of his meet with the insurgent envoys. Gen. Otis said the interview with Aguinaldo's representatives indicated that the leaders were manoeuvering solely with a view to secure the recognition of the insurgent government. All such overtures were rejected, and the envoys were informed that the only thing the United States would recognize was a white flag and the grounding of arms; he also informed the insurgents that such capitulation on the part of the insurgents should come quickly, in order to avoid the consequences of active war, as the United States did not intend to permit any delay in the matter. The course of General Otis is approved at the war department. Secretary Root took the dispatch from Gen. Otis over to the White House for the President's consideration.

### OTIS DECLINES

**To Permit Use of a Vessel Under Spanish Flag.**

Manila, Sept. 27.—9:55 a. m.—The American authorities have declined the request of Gen. Jaramillo, the Spanish officer who is settling Spain's military affairs in the Philippines, to send a vessel under the Spanish flag to collect the Spanish prisoners at insurgent ports, as stipulated by the Filipinos, on the ground that the ports are closed, that such a step therefore would be unlawful, and because they declined to accept the Filipinos' dictation. The authorities are ready to send an American vessel. The Spanish commission, therefore will return to the insurgent lines and endeavor to effect an arrangement for the delivery of the prisoners on board an American vessel.

Aguinaldo has issued a statement saying the warlike activity of the Americans has prevented the concentration of the prisoners, as intended, but that they will be delivered up October 19. The Tagals of the island of Mindanao have reported their readiness to accept American sovereignty in exchange for protection against harassing Moros.

A native officer has offered Major General Otis 1,000 Maccabebe tribemen to fight the Tagals of the Laguna de bay district. The troops engaged in the fighting at Cebu belonged to the 13th infantry, 6th infantry, 23d infantry and 6th artillery.

### OF NO SIGNIFICANCE.

**That is Otis' Opinion of Conference With Insurgents.**

Washington, Oct. 3.—The following is the dispatch of Gen. Otis received yesterday relative to the visit of the insurgent officers:

Manila, Oct. 2.—Adjutant General, Washington:—Three insurgent officers permitted to enter our lines at Angelos with twelve of our soldiers and two citizens whom they wished to present as released prisoners. Yesterday in conference endeavored to present communication from insurgent government which was declined. They presented a paper signed by ten of the soldiers in which the soldiers gave parole; this received and held in abeyance. Insurgent officers then said that Aguinaldo desired to end the war, and would send civil commission for conference, and were informed that it would not be received. They will be sent beyond lines to-morrow. The whole affair believed to be a ruse to obtain some acknowledgement by United States authorities. All soldiers returned were stragglers from within our lines, captured by robbers. They say they were obliged to sign papoles to secure release, though two refused to sign. The whole affair is of no significance, viewed as an attempt at masquerading.

(Signed.) OTIS.

### A SAVAGE EAGLE.

**Little Hunter Killed the Great Bird After Two Assaults.**

Reading, Pa., Sept. 27.—Earl Hummel, a 13-year-old boy, had a most thrilling experience with a great eagle on the mountain near Port Clinton. While in the woods near his home the lad was suddenly and unexpectedly attacked by the huge bird. It first attempted to strike or light on his head. Young Hummel coolly turned on the bird and struck it on the neck with his rifle. It flew to the top of a tree near by. He then raised his rifle to shoot, when the eagle attacked him again, sinking his talons into the flesh of his body, but the little fellow kept cool and again fought it off, and raising his rifle, brought down the bird, sending a bullet through its head. The eagle measured 46 inches from tip to tip of wings.

### En Route to Washington.

New York, Oct. 3.—Col. Charles Page Bryan, United States minister to Brazil, was a passenger by the German steamer Liverno, from Rio Janeiro and Pernambuco, which arrived here to-day. Colonel Bryan will go to Washington to-morrow.

I CURE FITS

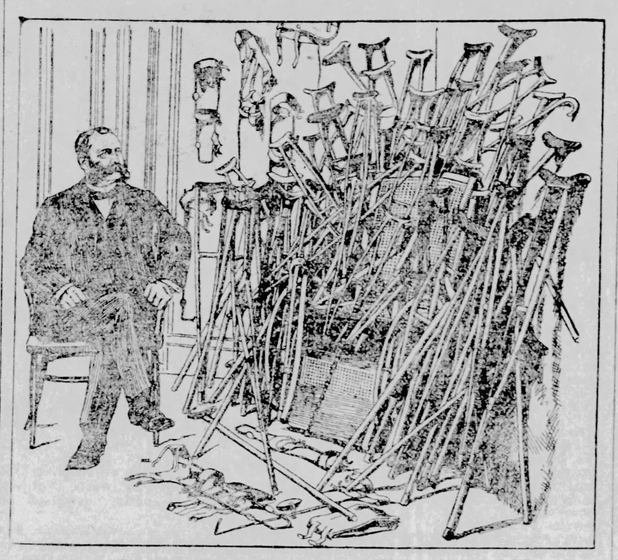
When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., N.Y.

DISEASE CURED WITHOUT MEDICINE---VITAL SCIENCE, ITS MERITS PROVEN.

By the Treatment of Over 100,000 Cases from All Parts of the World, of All Kinds of Diseases, Dr. Carson Has Proven That By His Method There Is Hope for the Most Abandoned Cases.

Prominent Citizens of Kansas City Gladly Testify to Dr. Carson's Marvelous Ability to Cure Disease. Judge John B. Stone, Hon. J. S. Harrison, Brother of Ex-President Harrison, Judge Amos H. Kagy, F. E. Lally, Hon. F. F. Rozzelle, W. G. Ashdown and Hundreds More of His Neighbors and Fellow Citizens Have Been Cured by His Vital Science Treatment and Freely Endorse It.



HERE ARE THE EMBLEMS OF HIS MYSTERIOUS POWER.

Dr. C. H. Carson of the Temple of Health, corner of Twelfth and Washington streets, Kansas City, Mo., has healed the great multitude who have left their crutches, canes and all manner of surgical appliances behind them. Many of these people who used these crutches and canes were carried by friends into Dr. Carson's treatment rooms, and in a few minutes, without any assistance, returned walking and rejoicing in complete restoration, no further use for crutches or canes they are left behind. Here are some of them as they are piled up in the corner of one of the treatment rooms at the Temple of Health. (From a photograph.)

THE TEMPLE OF HEALTH.

The Home of Vital Science.

The Temple of Health, northeast corner of Washington and Twelfth streets, is a unique and beautiful place in the very center of Kansas City. Bankers, professional men, jurists and those in the humbler walks of life, appear to regard the place as the Mecca for all the ills flesh is heir to, and as a result the reception rooms are daily thronged by those who are seeking relief. Every disease known to the medical profession is successfully treated here. Patients from every state and territory, and many from foreign countries, are coming to Kansas City for treatment by Dr. Carson, and are restored to health. In the doctor's treating rooms may be seen hundreds of canes, crutches and surgical appliances, left there by the happy mortals who have been once more restored to health without the use of drugs, medicine, electricity, surgical operations or appliances of any kind. These canes and crutches, from the most costly to the most crude, present a sight that is rare, indeed, and they tell more eloquently than words can do of this man's wonderful power over disease.

Thousands of people who have been treated by Dr. Carson gladly testify, and are unanimous in their praise of this remarkable method, which they claim is the grandest and best the world has ever known.

Hon. J. S. Harrison, the well-known brother of ex-President Harrison, says: "Dr. Carson has been my family physician during the past eighteen years. I can pay no man a higher compliment, and my confidence in Dr. Carson has continually increased during all these years. He has always been successful in his treatment of myself and family."

Judge John B. Stone, of Kansas City, says: "Dr. Carson cured me by a course of his treatment after medical doctors decided that my case was beyond the skill of any physician."

Judge Charles L. Dobson, of Kansas City Judicial circuit, says: "While Dr. Carson's treatment appears to be perfectly simple and natural it can only be practiced by one possessing powerful and phenomenal organism, such as that of Dr. Carson. It is Nature's remedy. While it may seem to consist of what is commonly called animal magnetism, there is some higher force, not easily understood, that enters into the healing works. The remarkable cures he certainly accomplished, that often in cases where all ordinary remedies have failed."

Amos H. Kagy, a distinguished lawyer of Kansas City, says: "I have suffered beyond the power of ordinary man to stand, and I claim to be extraordinary only in the power I possess to endure pain. But thank God for the fact that as the ox can quench his thirst at the rippling brook so can I by the magic touch of the kingly, warm right hand of Dr. Carson's, a fountain from which springs the very elixir of life, health, strength and vigor, be instantly transformed from a condition of writhing agony to the peaceful rest of childlike innocence."

The Home Vitalized Treatment.

The thousands of testimonials from people of all classes testifying to the wonderful cures they have obtained by visiting Dr. Carson's Temple of Health and duplicated only by those who have been cured by THE HOME VITALIZED TREATMENT. The value of this form of treatment is proven beyond the question for suffering invalids unable to visit Kansas City and receive personal treatment. This form of treatment is prepared only by Dr. Carson at the Temple of Health, and it can be used without the slightest inconvenience by any person at their own home. The treatment is without doubt the most wonderful discovery ever made in the art of healing.

This Vitalized Home Treatment has cured hundreds and thousands of cases where medicine has failed.

Mrs. Emma Sedgwick, Dafer, Kan., was permanently cured three years ago of cancer of the womb and ovaries by two bottles of the Vitalized Home Treatment. The family and consulting physicians pronounced the case hopeless.

Miss Bettie Stanley, Cottonwood Falls, Kan., was cured of total prostration from heart, stomach and female diseases.

Alexander Judy, postmaster, Burr Oak, Kan., says: "Dr. Carson's Home Treatment for myself and family, I wish to say, did me more good than any of the doctors of the old or new schools which I have tried and by one I want to let others know of the benefit I have received from the Vitalized Home Treatment."

George W. Crooks, Boodyville, Kan., cured of chronic constipation by one course of Home Treatment says: "On the second day after I took the first dose of treatment my bowels moved without physic, and there has not been a time since when I have been the least bit costive."

Mrs. S. A. Henderson, Kewanna, Ind., who was cured of heart disease, dropsy and rheumatism, says: "I would that I could tell the whole world about Dr. Carson and his Vitalized Home Treatment, for as I earnestly say, it was this treatment that saved my life."

Mrs. Powell, wife of Rev. A. H. Powell, one of the oldest Methodist ministers in Kansas City, says: "I want to recommend Dr. Carson's Home Treatment, which by experience has proven such a blessing to me. I long to see others who are afflicted relieved in this to me, new and wonderful way."

These statements could be multiplied by the hundreds and thousands. Anyone can verify these statements by the many who may wish to do so. The names, addresses and post-office of persons who have been cured by Dr. Carson can be obtained by calling at the Temple of Health, Kansas City, Mo., or sending a 2-cent stamp for a copy of the Kansas City Times containing full particulars regarding Dr. Carson's treatment. All letters of inquiry addressed to the Temple of Health, corner Twelfth and Washington streets, Kansas City, Mo., are promptly answered.

## CARTEE'S SENTENCE.

**Has Been Approved by President McKinley.**

Washington, Sept. 30.—The President has approved the sentence imposed by court-martial on Capt. Oberlin H. Carter, corps of engineers, U. S. A., and a formal order was to-day issued from the war department, directing the execution of the sentence.

The verdict of the court was follows:

"And the court does therefore sentence the accused, Capt. Oberlin M. Carter, corps of engineers, United States army,

CAPTAIN OBERLIN M. CARTER.

to be dismissed from the service of the United States, to suffer a fine of $5,000, to be confined at hard labor, at such place as the proper authority may direct, for five years, and the crime, punishment, name and place of abode of the accused to be published in the newspapers in and about the station and the state from which the accused came, or where he usually resides."

Following is the formal approval of the verdict:

"The findings of the court-martial in the matter of the proceedings against Capt. Oberlin M. Carter, corps of engineers, U. S. A., are hereby approved, as to all except the following:

"Charge III, specifications 7, 8, 9 and 10.

"Charge III, Specifications 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 11 and 22, which are disapproved. And the sentence imposed by the court-martial upon the defendant, Oberlin M. Carter, is hereby approved.

(Signed.) "ELIHU ROOT,
"Secretary of War."

"Executive Mansion, Washington, Sept. 29, 1899.

"Approved and confirmed.

"WILLIAM M'KINLEY."

Appended to the order above is the following:

"By order of the secretary of war, Capt. Oberlin M. Carter, corps of engineers, United States army, ceases to be an officer of the army from this date, and the United States penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., is designated as the place of his confinement, where he will be sent by the commanding general of the east, under proper guard.

"By command of Gen. Miles,
(Signed.) "H. C. CORBIN,
"Adjutant General."

New York, Sept. 30.—Capt. Oberlin M. Carter was arrested early to-day in this city by Assistant Adjt. Gen. Simpson, who came on specially from Washington for the purpose. Capt. Carter was taken to Governor's island and handed over to Capt. B. K. Roberts, the commanding officer, with orders to keep strict guard and put Capt. Carter in close confinement.

Capt. Carter is now in one of the upper casemate cells in Castle William. He will be notified of his dismissal from the army, and will be handed over to the civil authorities in New York.

L. L. Kellogg, of the law firm of Kellogg, Rose & Smith, called upon Capt. Roberts and asked permission to see Capt. Carter. Mr. Kellogg refused to make a statement on behalf of Capt. Carter.

### WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS

**Obtained by the Attorneys of Captain Carter.**

New York, Oct. 3.—Counsel for Capt. Oberlin Carter, now confined in Castle Williams, Governor's Island, upon sentence for misappropriation of United States funds, last night obtained from Judge Lacombe, of the United States circuit court, at the judge's home, a writ of habeas corpus. The writ is directed to Major General Wesley Merritt, and Captain Roberts, of the Fifth artillery. Fort Columbus, New York, directing them to produce Captain Carter in Judge Lacombe's court at 11 o'clock to-morrow morning. The papers were filed last night, and the writ will be served on Gen. Merritt and Capt. Miles this morning.

The petition for the writ recites at length the circumstances of the case leading up to the trial and sentence, and quotes article 60 of the articles of war, which provides that the officer found guilty of the crimes charged against Capt. Carter, be "punished by fine or imprisonment or by such other punishment as the court martial may adjudge."

The petition recites:

"That having suffered punishment of dismissal and the degradation of the publication of the crime and punishment as imposed by said sentence, the imprisonment and detention of said Captain Oberlin M. Carter is without authority of law, and the further punishment and detention of said Oberlin M. Carter and the carrying out of said sentence is contrary to law and the provision of the constitution of the United States, and is illegal.

The petition contends, in other words, that the court martial might have given any one of the several sentences provided, but in giving both and fine imprisonment it erred and rendered the sentence void.

New York, Oct. 3.—A representative of the law firm of Kellogg, Rose & Smith has served a writ of habeas corpus on Capt. B. K. Roberts, commandant of Governor's Island, demanding that Capt. Oberlin M. Carter be produced in court before Judge Lacomb, of the United States circuit court, at 11 a. m. to-morrow.

### Yellow Fever in Havana.

Havana, Oct. 2.—The yellow fever report for September shows there were 18 deaths, eight of the victims being Americans, eight Spaniards, one Frenchman and one German. The total number of cases during the month was 54. There are twelve cases now on hand, mostly convalescent.

RHEUMATISM.

April 20, 1897.

Dr. Radway & Co.: I have been a sufferer from rheumatism for more than six months. I could not raise my hands to my head or put my hands behind me, or even take off my own shirt. Before I had finished three-fourths of a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief I could use my arms as well as ever. You can see why I have such great faith in your Ready Relief. Yours truly, W. C. HASKE, Engineer at A. Menisiolen's boot and shoe factory, 320 Julia street, New Orleans, La.

Radway's Ready Relief

For the Cure of Pain, Congestion and Inflammations. Price 50 cts. a bottle. All Druggists.

Corn followed the trend of wheat. There was a heavy increase in the visible. At Chicago October corn opened at 31⅜; high, 31⅝; low, 30⅝; close, 30⅝; December, 30⅛; high, 30⅝; low, 29⅝; close, 29⅝; May, 31⅝; close, 31⅝. At New York December corn opened at 37½; bid; close, 37½ nominal; May, 37 asked; close, 37½ asked.

December puts on wheat at Chicago, 70¾c open, and 70¾c bid at 1:30; calls, 71⅝@71¾c; at 1:30, 74¾c bid.

Liverpool spots 1d up. London strong and ½@1d higher.

Paris wheat 1c higher.

Antwerp ⅝c higher.

October oats at Chicago, 22c; December 20¾c, high 20¾c, low and close 20¾c; May 23⅝c; close 23⅝c.

Pork at Chicago for October, $8.22, high $8.25, low $8.15, close $8.17; December, $8.37, high $8.40, low and close $8.37½.

Lard at Chicago for October, $4.47, high $4.50, low and close $4.40; December, $4.55 open and high, and $4.50 low and close.

Primary receipts of wheat, 1,285,000 bushels; same time last year, 1,968,000 bushels; shipments, 467,000 bushels; same time last year, 1,029,000 bushels. Receipts of corn, 1,197,529 bushels; same time last year, 1,013,000 bushels; shipments, 1,052,000 bushels; same time last year, 551,000 bushels.

Total clearances wheat and flour, 445,000 bushels; corn, 490,741 bushels; oats, 116,182 bushels.

Bradstreet's shows: Wheat, increase, 1,566,000 bushels; corn, increase, 2,383,000 bushels; oats, increase, 1,183,000 bushels.

**The Close at Toledo—Wheat Lower.**

Cash wheat ¼c off, December ½c down, and May ¼c decline at the Produce Exchange, as compared with yesterday. Trade active and prices closed weak.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 73c cash and to arrive; close 72¾c. No. 2 soft red, 71¾c, close 71¾c.

December wheat 75¾c, 76¼c, 75¼c, and close 75½c; May, 79½c, 80c, 79¼c, 79¾c, then 79½c.

**Corn—Fair Sales, Irregular.**

Corn sold fairly well at irregular prices, closing easy; No. 2 mixed corn, 33½c, then 34c; No. 3 corn, 32¾c; No. 2 yellow, 34½c; No. 3 yellow, 34c; December corn, 31¾c, 30¾c, and to close 30¾c.

Oats active, steadier; No. 2 mixed oats, 23½c; No. 2 May, 25¾@25¾c; No. 2 white, 25½c; No. 3 white, 24½c.

Rye dull, steady; No. 2, 59c bid.

Clover seed active and 10@15c lower, prime old, cash, $3.80. Prices held steady for most things. Butter firm; best grades sell well. Eggs firm, steady. Vegetables in good demand and tending up.

Butter—Best creamery, 24c; dairy, 16@17c.

Eggs—Fresh receipts, 17c.

Vegetables—Rutabagas, bu., 35c; tomatoes, bu., 50c for ripe and 20c for green; onions, dry, bu., 30@35c; onions, dozen bunches, 30c; carrots, bu., 30c; parsnips, bu., 50c; beets, bu., 30c; potatoes, bu., 45c; sweet potatoes, bbl., Jersey, $2.75, Baltimore, $1.75; beans, bu., dry, $1.25; beans, string, 75c; cabbages, dozen, 20@40c; celery, dozen stalks, 25@35c; squashes, dozen, $1; lettuce, lb., 8c; corn, dozen ears, 5c; radishes, dozen bunches, 8@10c; egg plant, dozen, 40@60c.

Tallow—Per pound, 4c.

Lard—No. 1 kettle rendered, 6c.

Hay—Timothy, choice, choice, ton, $8.00@8.50; No. 1 hay, ton, $8.00; No. 2 hay, $6.00@7.00.

Straw—Wheat straw, per ten, car lots, $5.00; oat straw, ton, $5.00; bright rye straw, ton, $5.00.

Timothy Seed—$1.50@1.75, according to quality.

Hides—Green hides, light and cows, per lb., 8c; No. 2's and bulls, 7c; green calf, per lb., 10½c; No. 1 kip, per lb., 9c; No. 2's, 7½c. Cured hides, No. 1's, 9½c; No. 2, 8½c; No. 1 calf, 11½c; No. 2's, 10½c; sheep pelts, 60@75c.

Poultry—Chickens, dressed, 12@15c; old fowls, 10@12c.

Fruits—Grapes, lb., 1¼@2c; pears, bu., 75c@$1.25; peaches, bu., 25@50c; huckleberries, bu., $2.00; apples, bu., 40@60c.

Vegetables—Potatoes, 50c; turnips, box, 25c.

Dressed Meats—Hogs, per 100 lbs., $6.00; beef, lb., 5½@6½c; calves, lb., 8c; mutton, lb., 7@8c; lambs, 8@9c.

Cut Meats—Hogs, dressed, per 100 lbs., $6.75@7.25; beef, 7@8c; calves, lb., 8½@9c; mutton, lb., 7@8c; lambs, lb., 9@10c.

Linseed Oil—For single barrels, per gallon, raw, 43c; boiled, 44c.

Stock Meats—Mess pork, new, per bbl., $10; short cuts, $10.50; short clear, $11.00; hams, sugar cured, heavy, per lb., 8½@9c; light hams, per lb., 8c; bologna sausage, per lb., 5c; fresh sausage, per lb., 6c.

Beeswax—Per pound, 22@25c.

Feed—Per hundred, $1; middlings, $13; chop feed, $12@13, according to quality; No. 1 chop feed, $16; No. 2 chop feed, $15; corn meal, $15; oil meal, ton, $25.

Turpentine—Per gallon, 30c.

## Markets and Crops.

### TRADE CONDITIONS.

**September the Twelfth Consecutive Month of the Boom.**

New York, Sept. 30.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: September is the twelfth consecutive month in which the volume of business, both at New York and outside New York, has been greater than in the same months of any previous year. In these twelve months payments through the clearing houses have been 89,660 millions against 51,200 millions in the twelve months ending with September, 1892, an increase of 28,400 millions, over 16 per cent.

When the tremendous expansion began, men called it replenishment of long depleted stocks; then for a time it was called a crazy outburst of speculation, and when demand still expanded some permanent increase of business was recognized as a result of increased population coming better wages. But the demand still grows, now ranging about 60 per cent. greater than in 1892, while population according to treasury estimates is 16 per cent. greater and wages are not over 10 per cent. greater. A reconstruction of business and industries, of producing and transporting forces, is in progress throughout the land, with results which none can now measure.

Iron consumption, instead of 760,000 tons per month in 1892, is now over 1,200,000 tons per month, and yet is so far behind the demand for products that the capacity of most works is sold far on into 1900. With sales of 200,000 tons at Pittsburg, besseme pig rose to $23.50, Chicago coke and Southern pig again rose $1, and new furnaces are soon many months ahead before they begin work. Bars are hard to get at any price, the whole output of the Republic company being sold to January, and $2.25 is quoted for common at Pittsburg, while at Chicago the great demand for car building falls on works over-crowded.

The wool market is active, with a general advance averaging 1c on washed fleece combing and some unwashed; the entire list quoted by Coates probably averages about ½c higher. Heavy weight woolens are well cleaned up, and of spring worsteds many lines are withdrawn, the clays being nominally advanced to $1.15 with some fancy worsteds 5c per cent. higher.

Stronger demand for cotton staples causes an advance of ⅛c in brown sheetings and drills, and 1c in some bleached goods. A broader selling arrangement at Fall River seems likely to prevent the proposed consolidation.

Cotton opened the crop year at $6.25 and has risen to $6.87, although about a quarter more has come into sight than last year, from the greatest crop on record, and stocks here and abroad, commercial and mill, are 658,000 bales greater than a year ago. But belief in serious loss by drouths gains ground and also belief in largely increased manufacture.

Wheat exports from Atlantic and Pacific ports have been 4,294,386 bushels for the week, flour included, against 4,840,022 last year, and in four weeks 12,951,263 bushels, against 15,061,684 last year. The foreign demand has added to sustain prices, which closed ⅛c higher than last week, although western receipts have been 29,129,618 bushels, in the past four weeks, against 31,830,573 last year. Corn is also buoyant, prices advancing in large foreign demand, exports having been in four weeks 12,155,204 bushels, against 8,133,641 last year, with western receipts of 24,453,874 bushels, against 15,319,292 last year.

### REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., Oct. 3, 1899.

**The Past Week's Markets.**

Wheat during the past week has been on the whole active, and prices have advanced 5@6c. There has been a large increase in the supply, but it is thought by some dealers that the quantity of winter wheat in farmers' hands is comparatively light. Of spring wheat the receipts have been less than for the corresponding week last year. Corn has been irregular, but prices are about the same as a week ago. There has been an unusually active and prices show a sharp advance. New prime seed, cash and October has advanced $1.20 per bushel, and December and March delivery seed has improved 25c. It is claimed the crop has been short all over the world. There is evidently an attempt to corner October seed.

**Condition of the Grain Trade at the Close To-day.**

Wheat started fractionally lower today on disappointing cables and large Northwestern receipts. The Transvaal matter still has an influence. As trade proceeded prices moved up about 5c on fair purchases. For a time there was a good business in December. There was considerable irregularity in the markets. Toward the close Bradstreet's came, showing a large increase in the visible, and prices eased. The Northwestern receipts were 1,120 cars, same time last week 829, last year, 1,202 cars.

Prices of wheat to-day:

| Dec. | Open. | High. | Low. | Close |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Toledo | 72¾ | 75¾ | 72¾ | 75¾ |
| Chicago | 74¾ | 74¾ | 73¾ | 74@74¾ |
| New York | 78¾ | 79 | 78¾ | 78¾@79 |
| St. Louis | 75 | 75